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WILL HE BE BUNCOED?

IT WAS GREENBACKS; IT IS NOW SILVER; AND ALWAYS FIAT MONEY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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A GREAT EVENT IN GERMANY.

UNDER the BISMARCK régime severe laws were in force especially directed against the socialists. But instead of checking the socialistic movement, they rather served to allay the quarrels brewing between the socialists themselves, and to stimulate the energy of the secret propaganda. The result was a constant increase of the socialist vote at every successive election. After BISMARCK'S retirement the anti-socialist laws were discontinued, the policy of simple repression relaxed, and the young Emperor, in various demonstrative ways, displayed a lively, although somewhat amateurish, interest in practical socialism himself. Under these circumstances the socialistic movement, indeed, continued to spread, but it assumed a less revolutionary tone; and it is a noteworthy fact that while other countries were terrified by the bloody deeds of anarchist assassins, there were hardly any attempts of the sort in Germany. Moreover, the socialist leaders, great and small, when the pressure was slackened, resumed their quarrelling among themselves with a vivacity seriously threatening the coherence of their organization and their popular strength.

This was the situation when the German government joined the anti-anarchist crusade which broke out in Europe after the assassination of President CARNOT, of the French Republic. It did so hesitatingly. The then Chancellor, Count CAPRIVI, repeatedly remarked that he saw no occasion for repressive measures in Germany, and he doubted whether such measures could pass the Reichstag. But a strong pressure in favor of a "society-saving" policy came from the camp of the ultra-Conservatives, including the landed nobility, whose object was not only to repress the anarchists, but to estrange the Liberals from the government and *vice versa*, and thus to undermine the liberal economic policy culminating in the commercial treaties which formed the distinguishing feature of the CAPRIVI administration. This element, always near to the Emperor by personal association, succeeded in pressing him into the reactionary current, and it is no longer doubted that CAPRIVI'S fall was caused by these intrigues. His successor, Prince HOHENLOHE, although not a tool of the intriguers, showed himself not indeed eager, but at least willing, to champion repressive legislation in the Reichstag.

The government bill for the repression of revolutionary tendencies, the so-called "Umsturz-Vorlage," proposed severe restrictions of the freedom of speech, press, and meeting, making substantially every attack, or every criticism that might be construed as an attack, upon the existing order in the state, as well as every attempt to tamper with the loyalty of the army, an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. The bill passed through the ordeal of a first preliminary debate without causing uncommon excitement, and was then referred to a committee composed of members of all Parliamentary parties or groups.

In this committee the representatives of the "Centre party," the ultramontanes, took the matter in hand. The position of the Centre party is one of the curiosities of the political condition of Germany. It is a recognized fact that to the Centre party the interests of the Roman Catholic Church are of first importance, and those of the German Empire only of secondary consideration. The Centre party always commands a heavy and solid block of votes in the Reichstag, without which the government frequently finds it difficult, if not impossible, to make up the necessary majority for its measures. It is the regular policy of the Centre party to sell its support to the government for some concession advantageous to the Catholic Church, and this policy of bargain and barter has repeatedly been successful. In this way most of the restraints imposed upon the Catholic Church during the period of the "Kulturkampf" were got rid of. In the same way the party hopes to obtain the readmission of the Jesuits into the empire, and a larger control by the Catholic clergy of the public schools, and even over the higher institutions of education and learning. With this view the Centrists in the Parliamentary committee on the bill for the repression of revolutionary tendencies offered to the government the support of their party on condition of being permitted to shape the bill in accordance with their purposes. To this end they prevailed upon the committee to adopt an amendment providing that persons guilty of publicly attacking by abusive utterances the belief in God, or Christianity, or any of the Christian churches or recognized religious corporations, or their teachings or institutions or usages, shall be punished with imprisonment not to exceed three years.

The deliberations of the committee, which were published from day to day, were followed by the people with constantly increasing interest. While at first there was in the popular mind a current rather favorable to repressive legislation of a moderate kind, the fright inspired by the "red spectre" of anarchism gradually yielded to a serious alarm as to the dangers in which such legislation might put civil liberty; and when the Parliamentary committee adopted the amendment of the Centre party a storm of protest broke loose all over the country, the like of which had not been witnessed in Germany for many a year. It was argued, with good reason, that the enactment into law of such provisions, couched in language so indefinite that it might be stretched to cover any sort of discussion unpalatable to the Church, and to include seriously minded criticism as well as frivolous defamation, might put into serious peril that freedom of scientific inquiry, utterance, and instruction which has been the most distinguishing glory of Germany among the nations of the earth. Voices vibrating with eloquent indignation rose from the universities and other seats of learning and literature; the liberal citizenship spoke in thunder tones of remonstrance; many of the Protestant clergy joined in the chorus; the Conservatives themselves recoiled from such a relapse into mediæval conditions; and the government, perplexed at the turn things had taken, and at heart unwilling to go so far as the ultramontanes would lead it, proposed that the bill, when it was reported to the Reichstag, be restored to its original shape without the Centrist amendments.

But compromise was no longer possible. Obeying the overwhelming command of public opinion, the Reichstag slaughtered the bill section by section with merciless thoroughness. The government has suffered no defeat comparable to this since the formation of the empire. The results of this event are of incalculable consequence. The Reichstag which had been insolently told by one of the ministers that its business was only to pass the government measures and to appropriate money, and that the government cared nothing for its opinions, has proved that it has a will of its own, to which it can give effect. The ultramontane party has shown its true colors, and made the government and the conservative parties understand that it is an extremely dangerous ally, and cannot be trusted with controlling influence in the government. And, more important than all, it has become manifest that public opinion, when aroused, is a mighty power in Germany. Whatever course the Emperor's government may now take, it will not be likely to lose sight of these important developments.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST FREE COINAGE.

WHILE there is growing need of organization for a campaign of education on the silver question, there are signs that the opponents of free, unlimited, and independent coinage are waking up to the demands of the hour. Under the inspiration of the administration the struggle between the silver men and their antagonists is beginning in the Democratic party in the South. If the Republican politicians will do as much in the West as the Democrats are promising to do in the South, the free-coinage men may be utterly routed before the conventions of 1896. Thus far, however, only the Democrats, who fortunately possess the advantage of the President's attitude and influence, are in motion, and they are meeting with some unexpected encouragement. Their field of labor lies naturally in the South, while the Republicans can do most effective work in the West. The Republicans labor under some disadvantages, but have the great advantage of a sound average sentiment. At the same time they have no conspicuous leader on the anti-silver side as the Democrats have. While the Democrats have so much cause to despair of being able to carry the next Presidential election that there are no conspicuous candidates for their party nomination in 1896, they have control of the executive department of the government, and therefore their most prominent men are of the right way of thinking. The leading Republicans, on the other hand, with the exception of Governor MORTON, are at least guilty of "straddling" the issue, and have done so much for the winning of silver votes as to be unable to carry on sincere and vigorous work for the cause in which the material welfare of the country is deeply involved. If they are to accomplish in the West, in the struggle for delegates to the next National Convention, what the Democrats may accomplish in the South, a firmer purpose, new leaders, and an organized effort are essential.

The visit of Secretary CARLISLE to Kentucky and TENNESSEE is an event of the first importance. Mr. CARLISLE'S personal influence has been commanding in that section of the country for more than fifteen years. So long as he was in Congress, as Representative and Senator, he was the real head of the movement for tariff reform. His persistent struggle in that cause won for him the affectionate regard of the Southern and Western people, while his great abilities inspired their admiration. His silver opponents threaten to injure his influence by proving him inconsistent, by showing that he was once in favor of the free coinage of silver. But they will probably find it difficult to induce Mr. CARLISLE to discuss the question of his own consistency. If he was once in favor of the free coinage of silver by this country, he is not now, and of all public men Mr. CARLISLE has always been the most determined to adhere to the immediate issue, to the exclusion of all side and immaterial discussion. If his opponents prove their accusations it will be all the worse for their cause, for it is certainly a strong evidence of its weakness if study of the question leads a strong and clear man who once accepted the free-coinage view to combat it among people who not only are supposed to believe in it, but who have Mr. CARLISLE'S political future in their power. It is evident, at all events, that neither Mr. CLEVELAND nor Mr. CARLISLE is alarmed about the cry of inconsistency, and it is certain that the Secretary's speeches will produce an excellent effect, and that they will do much to stem the strong current which the silver men have set running since the adjournment of Congress. If Mr. WILSON could be induced also to make a few speeches in West Virginia, Mr. HERBERT in Alabama, Mr. MORTON in the Northwest, and Mr. HOKE SMITH in Georgia, the Democrats who oppose unsound money will at least make a strong impression on the conventions called for the election of delegates to the National Convention, and it is probable that they will elect a majority of delegates opposed to the free and independent coinage of silver. There is in the South a strong sentiment in favor of the position that the President has taken. In Louisiana, Senator CAFFERY and Congressman PIERCE, with the New Orleans *Picayune*, are doing admirable work; in Alabama, there is Congressman CLARK; in Mississippi, there are Governor STONE and Congressman CATCHINGS; in Florida, Congressman COOPER; in Georgia, Congressman TURNER; in Kentucky, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, ex-Governor BUCKNER, BASIL DUKE, and Congressman MCCREARY; in Tennessee, Congressman PATTERSON. Even Missouri and North Carolina are not unanimously given over to the silver frenzy. There is strong reason for believing, however, that a deep and effective impression may be made in the other States, and it is to be hoped that Secretary CARLISLE'S appearance on the platform is but the beginning of a strong and well-organized effort to educate the South on the issue that is before the country. That issue is precisely as has been stated by Mr. CLEVELAND. It is whether this country shall alone, acting independently of other nations, coin all the silver that is brought to its mint, free of charge, and at the ratio of 16 to 1. International bimetallism is not in issue, nor is our banking system, nor the character of our paper currency. Shall we have free coinage at the ratio 16 to 1? is the single question.

How gross is the ignorance that prevails in some sections of the country on this issue is hardly conceivable. It is reported, however, on unimpeachable authority, that many persons believe that "free silver" means the actual gift of silver by the government to the people, and, as they have been told that free coinage would give the country $40 *per capita* in currency, they assume that when a

free-coinage law is adopted each person will receive $40 in silver from Washington. In one county, it is said, the farmers met and selected the county judge to receive the silver which the government will issue to the people of that community. The existence of such pitiable and dangerous ignorance will seem incredible in the better-instructed parts of the country, but there is no doubt that the monetary system of this country is not only threatened by those who have been deceived by the plausible falsehoods of "Coin's Financial School," but by those who accept and believe such stories of governmental generosity and profligacy as suggest nothing in our history but the base period immediately after the war, when corrupt and designing politicians deceived the negroes with the well-known tale that each of them was to be presented with "forty acres and a mule."

It is well, all things considered, that the silver men began their war so soon and so vigorously. They have developed their whole strength. It is also well that they have descended thus early to the depths of falsehood and to appeals to the lowest and crassest ignorance. The time for education is thereby lengthened, and the opportunities for the complete overthrow of the dangerous error are thereby increased. Once let it be lodged in the minds of the people who have been deceived that they have been imposed upon by the demagogues of Populism and by the greedy speculators among the silver-mine owners, and the defeat of free coinage in the immediate future is assured. There is abundant reason for the hope that this consummation will be attained, if the work that Mr. CARLISLE is about to set in motion is vigorously and intelligently followed up and carried forward. But although the contest has opened early, there is no time to waste. The free-coinage advocates are alert, energetic, and adroit. If they are to be overcome they must be met by equal energy, greater intelligence, and a wise honesty, the lack of which on their part ought eventually to result in their overthrow.

THE BERING SEA SITUATION.

THE British government is evidently unable to carry out its own desires with reference to Bering Sea. Its interests are the same as our own, but, in the absence of strong pressure from this government, it is under the influence of British Columbia, whose pelagic sealers want a free hand to kill all the seals they can find. If the Bering Sea were closed entirely, the seal-fur dressers of London would be profited quite as much as our own seal-catchers, but both nations and the seals must suffer at the hands of the Canadian marauders. The administration has asked Great Britain to join with it in devising new and more effective rules that will preserve the seals, but Great Britain has not replied to Secretary GRESHAM'S request, nor is it probable that she will reply during the present season. Perhaps, in addition to the Canadian pressure, the refusal of Congress to take any steps whatever looking to the payment of the debt, or to the ascertainment of its amount under the Paris award, has something to do with the silence of the British Foreign Office.

It is a serious misfortune that the two nations are not in accord on the seal question. The seals are disappearing, and under the operation of the rules made in pursuance of the provisions of the Paris award, they will be entirely destroyed at no late day—the result of a barbarous cruelty that will cost both the United States and London very dear. There is no reason why there should be any dispute between the two countries. There is none between the honest men of both who are engaged in the seal-fur industry. The failure of Great Britain to come to terms is, as we have already indicated, due to pressure from the owners of vessels in British Columbia, who are willing, for temporary gain, and despite the cruelty of their methods, to exterminate the seals. The imperial government is at the mercy of and under duress from the seal-catchers of British Columbia.

There is nothing in the Paris award that will enable the United States to protect the seals alone. The provision that a zone of sixty miles only shall be closed is fatal to the framing of any adequate scheme of protection, while the failure to provide against the carrying of fire-arms by vessels navigating Bering Sea makes possible and almost unpreventable the violation of the rule that seals shall not be killed by shot-guns. There are other features of the award that promote rather than retard the killing of seals, but it is unnecessary to go into them. The regulations which the administration framed last year in conjunction with the British Ambassador, whose government, as we said, is as deeply interested as our own in preserving the seals, go as far as the award of the Paris tribunal permits. The award itself is inadequate, and was voted for by Senator MORGAN and Justice HARLAN under protest, and with prophecies that further action would be essential if the seals were to be preserved, although Senator MORGAN now finds it convenient to say that the award was sufficient, and that effective rules might have been framed in accordance with it. His mind has undergone a change since he voted for the award in Paris, after opposing it with all his vigor, and there seems to be some connection between that change and his feeling towards the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, due to differences of opinion concerning the proposition to admit unlimited silver to free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Congress has done much to complicate matters by declining to be honest, and our arbitrators at Paris submitted to a finding that is worthless to the seal interests. If Mr. GRESHAM can effect any remedy for this unfortunate condition of things it will be by persuading Great Britain that legitimate English interests ought to be dearer to the imperial government than predatory colonial interests that also involve hostility to a friendly power.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NAVY.

THE outrageous outbreak against the administration indulged in by Admiral MEADE is likely to injure unjustly the reputation of the navy with unthinking people. The angry admiral, who may be charitably supposed to have been temporarily insane when he said that the administration did not like him because he was an American and a Union man, is not a spokesman for his service, nor are his opinions a natural outcome of the sentiment that prevails among the officers of the navy. While it is true that, like their fellow-beings generally, these officers want advancement in their chosen profession, it is not true that the majority of them are eager to plunge the country into needless war. It may be, indeed, that some officers of the navy are prone to talk as foolishly as do the loose-tongued Senators who will not be obliged to go to war, who do not really want war, and who are inducing better men than they to accept their foolish speeches as genuine, when they are really only intended for the ballots of the groundlings. It is quite true that all officers of the navy would welcome a justifiable war, because we have educated them to their trade; but every one who knows the best men among them must realize that they who control the sentiment of the service are not the wild and irrational Jingoes they are sometimes represented to be by persons who wish them ill. So long as we maintain fighting-men we shall find that they are ready and sometimes eager to fight. If they were not, the chances for success in any war into which the country might be forced would be very slight. The fact that men whose prosperity depends on fighting are more willing that war should come than are those whose prosperity depends on peace is not discreditable to the former, and will do no harm to the country so long as civilians make the laws and determine the question of war and peace. At the same time it is not the tendency of the navy to seek a quarrel for the sake of war, nor to desire war at all without due cause, and Admiral MEADE'S violence is by no persons more profoundly deplored or indignantly resented than by officers of the navy.

The lives and duties of our navy officers are made burdensome and onerous in many ways. Their lot in life is not too happy, and in time of peace its emoluments are not splendid nor its honors abundant. To say that they are bullies, and to charge that they are willing to plunge the country in war for the mere sake of earning promotion, is to add insult to their hardships. The American officer has not deserved this of his country, whose brightest pages of heroic achievement are those on which are narrated the deeds of the men who went to battle in ships. And since wars ceased for us, the representatives of the nation who, as a class, have carried themselves most creditably in foreign countries, are the officers of the American navy. Instead of selecting every intemperate utterance of an angry or disappointed one of them to point the moral that all are barbarians who want to fight for the sake of fighting, we have always every reason to be proud of them, and often to be grateful to them.

A very large part of the newspapers of the country owe an humble apology to the officers of our navy. They have been too willing to listen to evil tales concerning them. They have been too eager to publish without investigation the stories of cruelties and hardships that are peddled about by insubordinate sailors. They have actually impaired discipline. They have done very little to promote the real good of the service, or to assist in remedying the wrongs that are to be found in it. So long as we have a navy, its officers and men ought to be treated justly, and its efficiency ought to be promoted. If what is said of it in some newspapers is true, if its officers are inhuman, if they are sailing about the world for the purpose of finding occasion for war, the navy ought to be reorganized or abolished. But no intelligent American citizen really believes these things of his fellow-citizens who wear his country's uniform. Admiral MEADE'S angry insolence ought to affect his own career only, and it furnishes occasion to say that most of his fellow-officers, and they the most distinguished, do not regard Americanism to be what it seemed to him in a superheated moment.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD ON EMBEZZLEMENT.

ONE of the most remarkable of recent official documents is the letter written by Governor JOHN P. ALTGELD, of Illinois, in connection with his pardon of an embezzler named HILLIARD.

The undisputed facts of the case are that HILLIARD, who held the position of assistant cashier of the Chicago *Tribune*, had embezzled some $13,000 of his employers' money. He had spent his stealings in luxurious living and in stock-gambling. Upon the discovery of his thefts he had run away to Spain. When apprehended and brought back to this country he had pleaded guilty, and had been sentenced to a four years' term in the Chester penitentiary.

After he had served eighteen months of his sentence Governor ALTGELD pardoned him, and gave the reasons for his action in a letter addressed to the Secretary of State. In this letter the embezzler is described as one who was by nature a model of every virtue. His only fault had been that he "was very young to assume such a responsible position as he held in the *Tribune* office; that, in fact, he was paid a comparatively small salary; and that the responsibilities of the position were such that a much higher salary should have been paid, and an older and more experienced man should have been employed to fill it."

This is very strange language to be used by the Chief Executive of a State in an official communication relating to a criminal duly convicted under the laws of the State, but the strangest part is yet to come. The letter goes on to say: "There is another point suggested by this case, and that is, how far the integrity and sense of right of young men employed in some large money-making establishments is undermined and weakened by a knowledge of the fact that their employers are gaining large sums of money which, while not always obtained by criminal means, nevertheless in equity and good conscience do not belong to them."

In order that there may be no misunderstanding his meaning, the Governor charges the *Tribune* with occupying property, leased from the Chicago public-school fund, for which it does not pay a fair rent; but it has "managed to get things so fixed" that its yearly rent is $25,000 less than it ought to be. As assistant cashier, Mr. HILLIARD had knowledge of this criminality, and it undermined his integrity. He also knew—or Governor ALTGELD says he knew—that the *Tribune* had a cash value of $3,000,000, and should have been assessed for purposes of general taxation at $60,000, whereas it had managed things so that it was actually assessed at only $18,000, whereby it pocketed each year about $40,000 which should have gone into the public treasury as taxes.

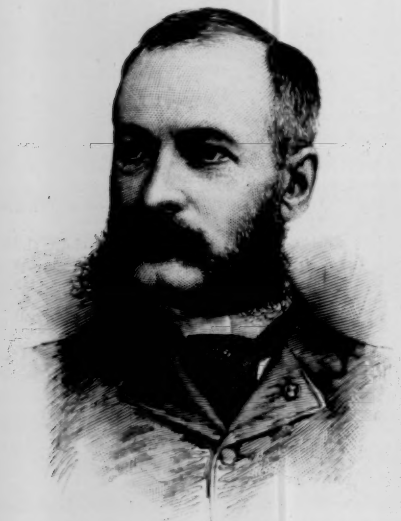
"The natural effect of all this," says Governor ALTGELD, "was to weaken the moral force of the young man, as well as his sense of integrity."

It is immaterial to answer, as the *Tribune* does, that the Governor is influenced by political antagonisms. It is superfluous to point out, as it does, that the rental of the school land it occupies was fixed nearly ten years ago, by a board of commissioners over whom it had no control, or that in assessing the property of a corporation in Illinois the value of the good-will of the business is not considered. The charges brought by the Governor do not need to be disproved to the general public. All that is needed is that the Governor and the employé shall believe that they are true. When this happens, the employé's integrity and sense of right become weakened and undermined. He becomes an embezzler, but he is not to be considered a criminal. He is rather a victim; the real criminal is his employer.

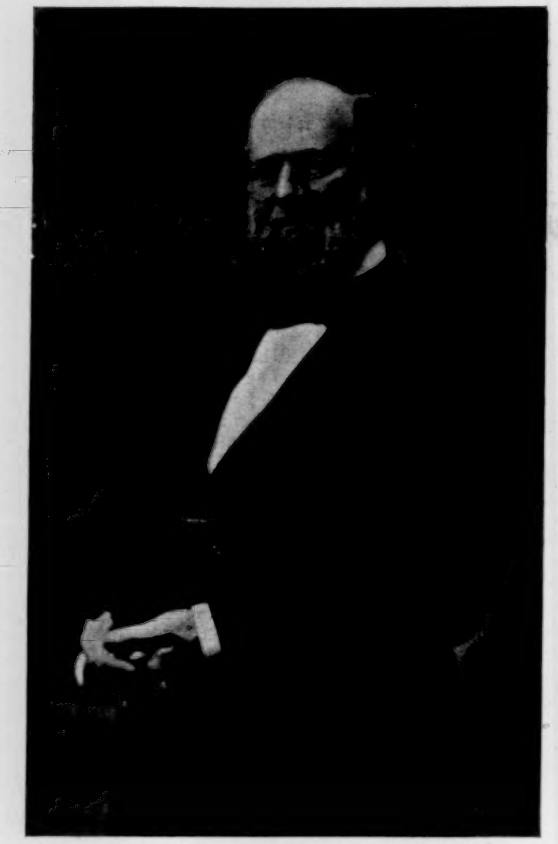
Such a declaration is noteworthy because it indicates the prevalence of a new rule of responsibility for crime, and incidentally of a new theory regarding the idea of *meum* and *tuum*. The State of Illinois has been peculiarly unfortunate in furnishing instances of the principle that the moral delinquencies of a corporation justified the criminal actions of its employés, and that the confiscation and destruction of its property were to be prevented not by enforcement of the law on the part of the authorities, but by the better behavior in future of the derelict corporation. The new doctrine, however, has never been so clearly enunciated by so eminent an authority. What effect it will have on the moral force and sense of integrity of the young men employed in fiduciary capacities by the corporations of Illinois it would be unkind to predict. It certainly is not to be expected that such a definition of responsibility in cases of embezzlement will have the effect of a moral tonic, or add to the security of the cash-drawers throughout the State.

A BLISSFUL DREAM.

ONE of the cheapest and most innocent recreations that offer at this season is to read the advertisements of summer board and summer cottages in the newspapers. They are pleasanter reading, of course, for people whose summer is already planned than for those who are trying to determine where to go. To idle readers who scan them cursorily, and without any anxious necessity of getting information, they call up whole galleries of attractive sea-shore and country landscapes, reviving memories of summers past, and stirring the imagination with nebulous plans for summers to come. Inasmuch as three New York families out of five would spend their summer somewhere on the New England coast if it were not so far away, it is not a reckless admission that the summer advertisements in the Boston papers are better reading than those of New York. To take up a Boston paper and follow the shore-line from Newport to Bar Harbor is better reading than a summer novel. See the familiar names in big black type: Buzzards Bay, Nantucket, Marthas Vineyard, the Cape, the South Shore, the North Shore, Rye Beach, Newcastle, Portsmouth, and thence all along up the coast of Maine, where best places are as thick as huckleberries, and there is everything to make the summer sojourner happy except an office and a business close at hand, out of which in two days of the week he can wring profits enough to keep him solvent and happy for the other five. What a great industry the provision of New England summer board has come to be, and what a blissful institution the blessed New England coast might be if it were only endowed!



JOHN B. HARLOW.—[See Page 496.]



JULIUS H. SEELYE.

WILLIAM G. RICE.—[See Page 485.]

THE BARRAS MEMOIRS.*

It is difficult to imagine a more important contribution to history than the authentic memoirs of Barras, including what is virtually a diary kept during the Directorate—the Directorate which succeeded the Convention and preceded the Consulate, and which began almost exactly a century ago. For the "Brumaire, Year IV.," in which the Directorate took office, corresponded to October, 1795, in conservative calendars. And the Director whose memoirs are now given to the world was the one member of the body who served from the beginning of it until the end, and for four years was at the very centre of affairs in France and in Europe. The Legislative Assembly had lasted for a year, the Convention for three years. The Directorate came in with the "whiff of grape-shot," by which, Carlyle says, "the thing we specifically call French Revolution was blown into space." Barras was not an accidental member of the Directorate. He had served up to it. Indeed, it was he who gave the "whiff of grape-shot," for he was commandant of Paris when it was given, and young Bonaparte was under his orders here, as he had already been at the siege of Toulon.

Certainly, at the pass to which France had come, the choice of Barras for the Directorate was natural and all but inevitable. The restoration of royalism was the danger uppermost in men's minds, the danger most to be guarded against in the selection of rulers. It was necessary to choose men who were committed against royalism past recall, and five regicides were chosen. When Barras came to compose his memoirs, after the expulsion of Napoleon, he tried to soften his anti-royalism of twenty years before, and there are various passages that seem to evince a desire to propitiate the restored dynasty, even though he could not look to a publication in his own lifetime. That he had voted for the death of the King was of course not to be denied or glossed over. But he does his own zeal as a revolutionist something less than justice. As a member of a noble house—"noble as the Barrases, old as the rocks of Provence"—he was a "ci-devant" and a "suspect"; and it was necessary for him to outdo those, his plebeian associates, who were under no such suspicion. That he did so rests upon clearer testimony than his own. He and Fréron had been the representatives of the Convention with the army of the south, where Barras admits vaguely that "we may have shown all the firmness imposed by the rigor of the times," but abstains from stating in detail how he showed it. He left that to the latest historian of the French Revolution. M. Taine shows us how all men were impelled by terror—the generals by terror of the representatives attending the armies "on mission," the missionaries by terror of the Convention, the Convention by terror of the Committee of Public Safety, the Committee again by terror of its constituents. "Under penalty of death, the representative on mission is a terrorist." Carrier—Carrier of the noyades—figures in the popular imagination as a monster of wanton cruelty. He did not appear in that light to himself, but merely as a prudent man preserving his own skin. "I do not want to have my head cut off," was his explanation of his proceedings; but it was cut off, all the same. Fréron and Barras were representatives on mission who "may have shown the firmness demanded by the rigor of those times." One instance of their way of showing it may suffice. They despatched to the Revolutionary tribunal of Paris the president of the Revolutionary tribunal of Marseilles for judgment upon the charge that out of 528 suspects brought before him he had guillotined only 162. And Fréron wrote home to his principals: "The conspirators fall like hail under the sword of the law. Fourteen have already paid for their treachery with their lives. To-morrow sixteen more are to be guillotined." Decidedly Barras had established his position as a revolutionist and as a Jacobin—a Jacobin so rising that if Robespierre had not fallen when he did, it seems likely that Barras would have been one of his next victims.

In the Directorate Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière were classed as the Jacobins; Carnot and Letourneur, the Moderates; and dissensions at once began, of which these memoirs give the first authentic view from the inside. The Directorate, says Thiers, "did not contain a man of genius, or even a man of high reputation, excepting Carnot," whose fidelity and single-mindedness have been abundantly vindicated, as well as his capacity, and are unconsciously vindicated anew by Barras in his revelation that he and Carnot were almost invariably in opposition. For Barras's own showing does nothing to weaken the conviction that to be opposed to him was *prima facie* a merit. That he had courage, energy, and capacity is clear from other writings than his own, and these qualities kept him at the head of affairs for four years, and enabled him to accumulate a great fortune. This was not so difficult or so dangerous under the Directorate as it had been under the Convention. The intense and fanatical spirit of the earlier days had died away, and the inevitable reaction had come. The main historical value of these memoirs is their showing that in the French Revolution, as in the great rebellion of England, and in every time of great popular exaltation, there comes a time when the successful men are those who can use most dexterously the cant and catchwords of the popular faith, and who employ this faith for their own advantage, opening the way for the usurper—the Cromwell or the Napoleon. The memoirs of Barras confirm, by their unconscious revelation, the sentence of Taine that the work of the Directorate was to "convert France into a pashalic," and the comparison is not unjust in which that author likens the foreign wars of the Republic to the exploits of "an association of pirates on a cruise, who, after ravaging their own coasts, go further off and capture bodies and goods, men and things."

The Director Barras, "with his court of gorged contractors and kept women," managed to attract notice and envy by the amount of the plunder which he absorbed, even while so many men were making money in politics. He went into the Directorate a broken man, which deprives his sneers at the young Bonaparte for his poverty of their point. He came out of it with the great estate of Gros Bois. Taine never mentions him without opprobrium. But it is interesting to recall an estimate made of him at about the same time when he was preparing the memoirs, of which a main motive was to vilify Napoleon, and dictated by an excellent judge of men to Las Casas at St. Helena:

"The events of Thermidor and Vendémiaire brought him into the Directorate; he did not possess the qualifications required to fill that situation, but he acted better than was expected of him by those who knew him. He put his establishment on a splendid footing, kept a pack of hounds, and his expenses were considerable. When he went out of the Directorate on the 18th Brumaire he had still a large fortune, and he did not attempt to conceal it. That fortune was not large enough to have contributed in the least to the derangement of the finances, but the manner in which it had been acquired, by favoring the contractors, impaired the morality of the nation. He appeared to be the controlling Director, but in fact it was Rewbell who possessed the greatest influence."

This calm appraisal, with Napoleon's declaration that Barras always appeared very friendly to him, is very remarkable in the face of the fact that the subject of it was even then contriving an elaborate defamation of its author. This fact, indeed, gives these memoirs not indeed their main value, but certainly their chief interest. For Napoleon remains an object of unappeasable curiosity, and at present the curiosity seems to be taking the form of almost unmixed admiration. Now, that the canonization is in progress, is the time to hear the *advocatus diaboli*, and that character Barras joyfully assumes. He knew Napoleon well at the outset of his career, he was in a way his first patron, and he came to hate him with extreme bitterness, and his strongest desire became to do his memory some harm. To make Napoleon stand ill with posterity is a more obvious object of these memoirs than to make the memoirist stand well. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine that if Barras had stopped to think about it, he would not have seen what a wretched figure he himself cuts in some of the tales he delights to tell. He is, in sooth, a very disgusting creature. One can well understand how there should be extant in the French language four volumes of *Amours et Aventures de M. de Barras*, and can even believe that Barras, if he did not actually connive at the publication, regarded it with complacency. Certainly no chronicler could have told anything more injurious about him than he tells of himself.

But the character that interests the public is not Barras, but Bonaparte. It is for the light they shed upon this character that the memoirs will be eagerly read. In that aspect the question about the stories is not whether they are injurious to Barras, whose memory is past injury, but whether they are true. They are startling enough, even to those who knew what the devil's advocates have already had to say. Is it more credible that the amazing story about the appointment of Bonaparte to the army of Italy—not more amazing, indeed, than the story about the appointment of Talleyrand to the Foreign Office—should be the fabrication of senile spite and vanity, or that it should be true? It must be said that Barras's view of the Bonapartes, though very low, is also very clear. They were not only refugees, but adventurers and adventuresses, according to his relation, and even that is a too favorable description. It would be more accurate to say that he describes them, male and female, as a family of "dead-beats," which happened to contain a dead-beat of genius, who, falling upon revolutionary times, and being absolutely without scruples, not only made himself master of Europe, but made kings and queens of the other dead-beats. And to the end of the two volumes thus far published there is no evidence that the genius of Bonaparte was really recognized either by Barras or by the other members of the Directorate, or by the French public.

Of the interest of these volumes there can be no dispute, and the interest promises to increase with the volumes yet to be published. The reviewer is dispensed from expressing moral disapprobation of the memoirist by the fact that that task has been very faithfully and eloquently performed by the editor, M. George Duruy, who adds to his other qualifications that of being, at least in the historical sense, an ardent Napoleonist, and who allows no disparagement of his hero to pass without strict and hostile scrutiny.

* *Memoirs of Barras.* Member of the Directorate. Edited, with a General Introduction, Prefaces, and Appendices, by George Duruy. Translated. With Seven Portraits in Photogravure, Two Fac-similes, and Two Plans. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. The Ancient Régime and the Revolution. Vol. II. The Directorate up to the 18th Fructidor.

JULIUS H. SEELYE.

The Rev. Dr. Julius Hawley Seelye, ex-President of Amherst College, who died at his home in Amherst on May 12th, had one crowning characteristic in his management of college affairs—he was probably the first American college president to get in close touch with all the students of the institution under his charge. He was eminent in philosophy, letters, and public affairs; that made him President of Amherst. But he also knew every student of Amherst by name; that, with his other gifts, made him Amherst's most successful and best-known administrator. He recognized that almost one-half of the students were capable of self-government in the eyes of the law. He proposed to give them the same freedom of personal conduct in college affairs, and he accomplished it. Amherst's students ceased to be boys and became men.

Dr. Seelye was born in Bethel, Connecticut, on September 24, 1824. He was graduated from Amherst in 1849, studied theology at Auburn Seminary and at Halle, Germany, and in 1853 became pastor of the First Dutch Reformed Church in Schenectady. Five years later he was called by Amherst to the chair of mental and moral philosophy. He occupied that place until 1874, when he was elected to Congress by the independent vote of his Congressional district over both Republican and Democratic tickets. He had previously been a member of the Commission to Revise the Tax Laws of Massachusetts. His most conspicuous act in Congress was to oppose the formation of the Electoral Commission and its action in declaring Rutherford B. Hayes President.

Before his term in Congress was finished Amherst made him president of that institution, notwithstanding considerable opposition in the faculty. He soon overcame that, and advanced the prosperity of the college in the accessions to its faculty and endowments that he secured. He soon required the students to sign an agreement to be gentlemen. A violation of the pledge resulted in the termination of their careers at Amherst. Later he originated the "Amherst Senate," a scheme of student control of college discipline. It remained in force until recently, when the students themselves gave it up. It has been copied by several other colleges. In 1885 he resigned, because of failing health, and was succeeded by Merrill E. Gates.

President Seelye revised and rewrote Hickock's *Moral Science*, translated Schwengler's *History of Philosophy*, wrote *The Way, the Truth, and the Life*, published a series of lectures he delivered in India, and contributed largely to periodicals on religious and secular topics.

Personally he was a man of large frame, and had an orotund voice. He was a pleasing speaker, and was frank, warm-hearted, and sincere in manner. Amherst alumni remember him lovingly, probably as much for the fact that he never forgot their names as for any other reason.

"WE PASSED ANOTHER DOOR, CLOSED THIS TIME."

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

RIVALS.

"FROMENT!" I said, slowly. "It is impossible!" But even while I said it, I knew that I lied; and I turned to the window that Father Benoît might not see my face. Froment! The name alone, now the hint was given me, let in the light. Fellow-traveller, fellow-conspirator, in turn protected and protector, his face, as I had seen it at the carriage door in the pass by Valleraugue, rose up before me, and I marvelled that I had not guessed the secret before. A bourgeois and ambitious, thrown into mademoiselle's company, what could be more certain than that he would lift his eyes to her? What more likely than that Madame St. Alais, impoverished and embittered, afloat on the whirlpool of agitation, would be willing to reward his daring even with her daughter's hand? Rich already, success would ennoble him; for the rest, I knew how the man, strong where so many were weak, resolute where others faltered, assured of his purpose and steadfast in pursuing it, where others knew none, must loom in a woman's eyes! And I gnashed my teeth.

I stood gazing, as I thought these thoughts, into a little dingy well-like court, on the farther side of which, but far below me, a monastic-looking porch surmounted by a carved figure took my eye. Mechanically, though I could have sworn that my whole mind was otherwise engaged, I watched two men come into the court and go to this porch. They did not knock or call, but one of them struck his stick twice on the pavement, and in a second or two the door opened, as of itself, and the men disappeared.

I saw and noted this unconsciously; yet perhaps it was the closing of the door roused me. "Froment!" I said. "Froment!" And then I turned from the window. "Where is she?" I said.

Father Benoît shook his head.

"You must know!" I cried. I saw he did. "You must know!"

"I do know," he answered, slowly. "But I cannot tell you. I could not were it to save your life, M. le Vicomte. I had it in confession."

I stared at him, baffled, and my heart sank as it would have sunk at no other answer. I knew that on this door, this iron door without a key, I might beat my hands and spend my fury until the end of time. At length, "Then why—why have you told me so much?" I cried, with a harsh laugh. "Why tell me anything?"

"Because I would have you leave Nîmes," Father Benoît answered, laying his hand on my arm, his eyes full of entreaty. "Mademoiselle is contracted, and beyond your reach. Within a few hours, certainly as soon as the elections come on, there will be a rising here. I know you," he continued, "and your feelings, and I know that your sympathies will be with neither party. Why stay, then, M. le Vicomte?"

"Why?" I said, quickly. "Because until mademoiselle is married I will follow her, if it be to Turin! Because M. Froment is unwise to mingle love and war; and my sympathies are now with one side, and it is not his! Why? Because—you cannot tell me, but there are those who can, and I will go to them!"

And without waiting to hear answer or remonstrance—I was in no mood for either—I caught up my hat and flew down the stairs; and once out of the house, hastened back at the top of my speed to the quarter of the town I had left. The streets through which I passed were still crowded, but wore an air not so much of disorder as of expectation; as if the procession I had followed had left a trail behind it. Here and there I saw soldiers patrolling and warning the people to be quiet, and everywhere knots of townsmen, whispering and scowling, who stared at me as I passed. Every tenth man I saw was a monk, Dominican or Capuchin; and though my whole mind was bent on finding M. de Géol and Buton, and learning from them what they knew, as enemies, of Froment's plans and strength, I felt that the city was in an abnormal state, and that if I would do anything before the convulsion took place, I must act quickly.

I was fortunate enough to find M. de Géol and Buton at their lodgings. The former, whom I had not seen since my arrival, and who doubtless had his opinion of the cause of my sudden disappearance, greeted me with some sarcasms; but when I had put a few questions, and he found that I was in earnest, his manner changed. "You may tell him," he said to Buton.

Then I saw that they too were excited. "What is it?" I asked.

"Froment's party rose at Avignon, yesterday," he answered. "Prematurely; and were crushed. The news has just arrived. It may hasten his plans."

"I saw soldiers in the street," I said.

"Yes, the Calvinists have asked for protection. But, for the patrols," De Géol continued, grimly, "they are a farce. The regiment of Guienne, which is patriotic and would assist us and be some protection, is kept in barracks by its officers; the Mayor and municipals are red, and, whatever happens, will not hoist the flag or call out the troops. The Catholic cabarets are alive with armed men; and, in a word, if Froment succeed in mastering the town, and holding it three days, M. d'Artois, Governor of Montpellier will be here, with his garrison, and—"

"Yes!"

"And what was a riot will be a revolt," he said, pithily. "But there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, M. le Vicomte; and there are more than sheep in the Cévennes Mountains!"

The words had scarcely passed his lips when a man ran into the room, looked at us, and raised his hand in a peculiar way. "Pardon me," said M. de Géol, quickly; and with a muttered word he followed the man out. Buton was not a whit behind. In a moment I was alone.

I supposed that they would return, and I waited impatiently; but a minute or two passed, and they did not appear. At length, tired of waiting, I went into the yard of the inn, and thence into the street. Still I did not find them; but collected before the inn I found a group of servants and others belonging to the place. They were all standing silent, listening, and as I joined them one looked round peevishly, and raised his hand as a warning to me to be quiet.

Before I could ask what it meant, the distant report of a gun, followed quickly by a second and a third, made my heart beat. A dull sound, it might be of men shouting, or the passage of a heavy wagon over pavement, ensued; and then more firing, each report short, sharp, decisive. While we listened, and as the last red glow of sunset faded on the eaves above us, leaving the street cold and gray, a bell somewhere began to toll hurriedly, stroke upon stroke, and a man, dashing round a corner not far away, made towards us.

But the landlord of the Écu did not wait for him. "Quick in!" he cried to his people, "and close the great gates! And do you, Pierre, bar the shutters. And you, monsieur," he continued, turning to me, "will do well to come in also. The town is up, and the streets will not be safe for strangers."

But I was already half-way down the street. I met the fleeing man, and he cried to me, as I passed, that the mob was coming. I met a frightened riderless horse galloping madly along the kennel; it swerved from me, and almost fell on the slippery pavement. But I took no more heed of them than I had of the innkeeper. I ran on, until, two hundred paces before me, I saw smoke and dust, and dimly through it a handful of soldiers, who, with their backs to me, were slowly giving way before a dense crowd that pressed upon them. Even as I came in sight they seemed to break and melt away, and with a roar of triumph the mob swept over the place on which they had stood.

I had the wit to see that to pass that way was impossible; and I darted aside into a narrow passage, darkened by wide flat eaves that almost hid the pale evening sky. This brought me to a lane full of women, standing listening with scared faces. I hurried through them, and when I had gone, as I judged, far enough to outflank the mob, chose a lane that looked as if it would lead me in the direction of Father Benoît's house. Fortunately the crowd was engaged in the main streets, the byways were comparatively deserted, and without accident I reached again the little square by the gate.

Probably the attack on the soldiers had begun there or in the neighborhood, for a broken musket lay in two pieces on the pavement, and pale faces at upper windows followed me in a strange unwinking silence as I crossed the square. But no man was to be seen, and, unopposed, I reached the door of Father Benoît's staircase and entered.

In the open the light was still good, but within-doors it was dusk, and I had not taken two steps before I tripped and fell headlong over some object that lay in my way. I struck the foot of the stairs heavily, and got up groaning; but ceased to groan, and held my breath, as, peering through the half-light of the entry, I saw over what I had fallen. It was a man's body.

The man was a monk in the black and white robe of his order; and he was quite dead. It took me an instant to overcome the horror of the discovery, but, that done, I saw easily enough how the corpse came to be there. Doubtless the man had been shot in the street at the beginning of the riot; perhaps he had been the first to attack the patrol; then the body had been dragged into shelter here, and his party had swept on to vengeance.

"'THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE DEAD!' SHE CRIED."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

I stooped and reverently adjusted the cowl which my foot had dragged away; and that done—it was no time for sentiment—I resumed my purpose, turned from him, and hurried up the stairs. Alas! when I reached Father Benoît's room it was empty.

I stood a moment in the failing light, wondering what I should do next; what I could do; and in my doubt I aimlessly walked to the casement. In the dull, almost blind wall which met my eyes across the court was one window on a level with that at which I stood, but a little to one side. On a sudden, as I stared stupidly at the wall, a bright light shone out in this window. A lamp had been that moment kindled in the room; and darkly outlined against the glow I saw the head and shoulders of a woman.

I almost screamed a name. It was Denise!

She moved from the window even while I held my breath, a curtain was drawn, and all was dark. Only the plain frame of the window—and that fast vanishing in the gloom—remained; that and the gloomy well-like court that separated me from her.

I leaned a moment on the sill, thinking with inconceivable rapidity. She was there, in the house opposite! It seemed too wonderful; it seemed inexplicable. Then I reflected that the house stood next door to the Old Gate I had seen from the street, and had not some one told me that Froment lived in the Porte d'Auguste?

Doubtless this was it, and she lay in his power in this house that was one with it. I leaned farther out, partly that I might cool my burning face, partly to see more; and my eyes, greedily scanning the front of the house, traced the line of arrow-slits that marked the ascent of the staircase. I followed the line down; it ended beside the porch surmounted by a little statue by which I had seen the two men enter.

They were still fighting in the town. I could hear the dull sound of distant volleys and the tolling of bells, and now and then a wave of noise, of screams and yells, that rose and sank again. But my eyes were on the porch below, and suddenly I had a thought. I followed the line of arrow-slits up again—it was too dark in the sombre court to see them well—and marked the position of the window at which Denise had appeared. Then I turned, and passing through the room, groped my way down stairs.

I had no light, and I had to go carefully, with one hand on the grimy wall; but I knew now where the monk's body lay, and I stepped over it safely and to the door, and there, putting out my head, looked up and down.

Two men, as I did so, passed hurriedly through the little square, and before reaching the Gate dived into an entry on the right and disappeared. About the eaves of the highest house, that towered high and black above me, a faint ruddy light was beginning to dance. I heard voices that came, I thought, from the tower of the Gateway; and there, too, I thought that I saw figures outlined against the sky. But otherwise all was quiet in the neighborhood, and I went in again.

No matter what I did in the darkness at the foot of the stairs. I hate to recall it. But in a moment I came out a monk in cowl and girdle. Then I too dived into the entry, and in a trice stood before the porch, and with the barrel of the broken musket, which I had snatched up as I passed, I struck twice on the pavement.

I had no time to think what would happen or what I was going to confront. The door opened instantly and I went in, and the door closed silently behind me.

I found myself in a long bare hall or corridor, plain and unfurnished, that had once perhaps been a cloister. A lamp hung against a wall, and opposite me, on a stone seat, sat two persons talking, and three or four others were walking up and down. But at my entrance all paused and looked at me eagerly.

"Whence are you, brother?" said one of them, advancing to me.

"The Cabaret Vierge," I answered, at a venture.

"For the Chief?"

"Yes."

"Come quickly, then," he said; "he is on the roof. It goes well?" he continued, looking, with a smile, at my weapon.

"It goes," I answered, holding my head low, so that my face was lost in the cowl.

"They are beginning to light up, I am told?"

"Yes."

He took up a small lamp, and opening a door in a kind of buttress that strengthened one of the arches, led the way through it and up a narrow winding staircase made in the thickness of the wall. Presently we passed an open door, and I ticked it off in my mind. It marked the first floor from the ground. Twenty steps higher up we passed another door, closed this time. Again fifteen steps, and we came to a third. That floor held my heart, and I looked round greedily, desperately, for some way of evading my guide. But he continued to climb.

I halted at last. "What is it?" he asked, looking down at me.

"I have dropped a note," I said. And I began to grope about the steps.

"For the Chief?"

"Yes."

"Here, take the light," he answered. "And be quick. If your news is worth the telling, it is worth telling quickly. Sacré! Man, what have you done?"

I had let the lamp fall on the steps, extinguishing it, and we were in pitchy darkness. In the moment of silence which followed I could hear the voices of men above us, and the tramp of their feet on the roof, and a cold draught of air met me. Then he swore another oath. "Get down—get down!" he cried, impatiently, "and let me pass you. You are a pretty messenger to—there! wait—wait until I fetch another light."

He left me standing in the very place I would have chosen, in the angle of the door we had just passed; and before he had clattered down half a dozen steps I had my finger on the latch. To my joy, the door, which might so easily have been locked, yielded to my knee, and passing through it, I closed it behind me. Then turning to the right, I groped my way in darkness along the wall. I knew it to be the outside wall, and dimly in front discerned the faint radiance of a window.

Now that the moment had come to put all to the test, I was as calm as I could have wished to be. I counted ten paces, and came, as I expected, to the window; ten paces farther, and I felt my way barred by a door. This should be the room; and listening intently for the first sounds of pursuit or alarm, I felt about for the latch, found it, and tried the door. Again fortune favored me: it came to my hand; but instead of light I found all dark as before, and then understood, as I struck with some violence against a second door.

A stifled cry in a woman's voice came from beyond it, and some one asked, sharply, "Who is that?"

I gave no answer, but I searched for the latch, found it, and in a moment the door was open. The light which poured out dazzled me for a second or two, but I had a vision of two girls standing at bay, one behind the other in the middle of the floor, and the nearer was Denise!

I stepped towards her with a cry of joy, but she retreated with terror written on her face. "What do you want?" she said, as she retreated. "You have made some mistake. We—"

Then I remembered the guise in which I stood and the gun-barrel in my hand, and I dashed back the cowl from my face; and in a moment—it was of all surprises the most joyous, for I had not seen her since we sat opposite one another in the carriage, and then but a word had passed between us—she was in my arms and sobbing, with her head on my shoulder, and my lips on her hair.

"They told me you were dead!" she cried—"they told me you were dead!"

Then I understood; and I held her to me, and said—God knows what I said. And for a moment she let me, and we forgot all else—our danger, the dark future, the woman who stood by. We had been plighted before, and it had been nothing to us; now, with my lips on hers, and her arms clinging, I knew that it was once for all, and that only death, if death, could part us.

Alas! that was not so far from us that we could long ignore it. And in a moment she freed herself and thrust me from her, her face pale and red by turns, her eyes soft and shining in the lamp-light.

"How do you come here, monsieur?" she cried. "And in that dress?"

"To see you," I answered. And at the word, I would have taken her in my arms again.

But she waved me back. "Oh no, no!" she cried, shuddering; "do you know that they will kill you? Do you know that they will kill you if they find you here? Go! Go, I beg of you, while you can."

"And leave you?"

"Yes, and leave me," she answered, with a gesture of despair. "I implore you to do so."

"And leave you to Froment?" I cried.

She looked at me in a different way and with a little start. "You know that?" she said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then know this, too, monsieur," she replied, steadfastly, and meeting my eyes with the bravest look—"that whatever betide, I shall not marry him, nor any man but you!"

I would have fallen on my knees and kissed the hem of her gown for that; but she drew back, and passionately begged me to be gone.

"This house is not safe for you," she said. "It is death—it is death, monsieur! My mother is merciless; and my brother is here; and *he*—the house is full of his sworn creatures. You escaped him hardly before; if he finds you here now, he will kill you!"

"But if I need fear him so," I answered, grimly, holding my ground—for I saw now that she had ceased to blush, how pale and wan she was, and what dark marks fear had painted under her eyes, child-eyes no longer, but a woman's—"if I need fear him so, what of you? Am I to leave you at his mercy?"

She looked at me with a strange gravity in her face, and I never forgot her answer. "Monsieur," she said, reproachfully, "was I afraid on the roof of the house at St. Alais? And I have more to guard now. Have no fear. There is a roof here and I often walk on it, and my husband—my husband shall never have cause to blush for me."

"But I was there," I said, quickly. Heaven knows why; it was a strange thing to say. Yet she did not find it so.

"Yes," she said, and smiled; and with the smile her face burned again, and her eyes grew soft, and all her dignity fled in a moment, and she looked at me, drooping. And in an instant she was in my arms. But only for a few seconds. Then she tore herself away almost in anger. "Oh, go—go!" she cried. "If you love me, go, monsieur."

"Swear," I said, "to put a handkerchief in your window if you want help."

"In my window?"

"I can see it from Father Benoît's."

A gleam of joy lit up her face. "I will," she said. "Oh, God be thanked that you are so near! I will. But I have Françoise too, and she is true to me. As long as I have her—"

She stopped, with her lips apart and the blood gone suddenly from her cheeks, and we looked at one another. Alas, I had staid too long! There was a noise of feet coming along the passage, and a hubbub of voices outside, and the clatter of a door hastily closed. I think for a moment we scarcely breathed; and even after that it was her woman who was first to move. She sprang to the door and softly locked it.

"It is vain!" Denise said, in a harsh whisper; she leaned against the table, her face as white as snow. "They will fetch my mother, and they will kill you."

"There is no other door?" I muttered, staring round with hunted eyes, and feeling for the first time the full danger of the course I had taken.

She shook her head.

"What is that?" I cried, pointing to the farther end of the chamber, where a bed stood in the alcove.

"A closet," the woman answered, almost with a sob. "Yes—yes, monsieur; they may not search. Quick, and I can lock it."

In such a case a man acts on instinct. I heard the latch of the door tried, and then some one knocked angrily and so long I hesitated. But when a second knock followed on the first, and a voice I knew cried, imperatively, "Open—open, Françoise!" I moved towards the closet. The girl, distracted by the repeated summons and her terror, hung a moment between me and the door of the room, but in the end had to go to the latter, so that I drew the closet door close upon myself.

Then in a moment it came upon me that if, hiding there, I was found, I should shame Denise; it darted through my brain that if, lurking there behind the closed doors among her woman's things, I was caught, I should harm her a hundred times more than if I stood out in the middle of the floor. And with my face on fire at the mere thought, I opened the door again and stepped out, and was just in time. For as the door of the room flew open and M. de St. Alais strode in I was the first person he saw.

There were three or four men behind him, and among them the man whom I had cheated on the stairs. But M. St. Alais's eyes, blazing with wrath, caught mine and held them, and the others were nothing to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCULPTURE SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

UNTIL the National Sculpture Society opened its second annual exhibition, the other day, plastic art had been given only a subordinate position in the galleries of New York. The great collection of works by Barye, which was shown some years ago, was the only important affair of the kind we had ever had, and it was not especially due to the efforts of American sculptors. They had always figured in the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists and at the Academy; and the first appearance of the Sculpture Society, made in collaboration with the Architectural League, was striking as to the quantity, if not as to the quality, of the works brought forward. But in every instance heretofore the sculptors have given way to their comrades of the brush, partly because the condition of plastic art in this country has scarcely warranted their occupying more space than they have been given, partly because they had effected no organization of their forces. That organization has now been an accomplished fact for over a year, and the exhibition opened recently at the Fine Arts Building offers the first-fruits of a concerted movement. The show is opened with some accompaniment of printed matter with the explanations of the aims of the sculptors. Of high importance among the latter is that to which reference has been made, "to raise sculptors to an equal place with painters," but at the same time the members of the society have sought to raise landscape architects to the same plane—for the greater aggrandizement of both interests. The sculpture in this exhibition is often of great intrinsic value, but so much stress is laid upon the manner in which it is presented that one is tempted to touch upon that mode of presentation first. Certainly the arrangement of the display is the newest feature of the latter—the newest, and in some ways the most entertaining. The sculptors have endeavored to recall in their galleries something of the character of an old Italian garden. They have set up palms and evergreens in formal rows, and have made enticing green alleys where ordinarily there would be nothing but bare floor and rigid wall. Fountains have been symmetrically disposed on either side of a space which is closed at one end by a fragment of a colonnade, which itself is a part of a scheme of walls, upon whose copings huge flower-pots are set. One artistic episode in the picture is an imitation terrace. The whole plan is imitative, but so deftly have the workmen followed their instructions, so cunningly have banks of moss been built up with countless flowers springing from their cool depths, that a veritable illusion is created, and you wander through what seems to be a genuine grassy haunt, a far-away glade shaded by deep foliage and peopled by strange phantoms. The sculptors have brought all this into their galleries because it makes an ideal background for their statues, the natural colors of the trees and flowers showing to the best possible advantage the plaster or bronze in which works have been executed. The garden is also there to demonstrate how admirably a man of taste and of means might place the sculpture which he ought to buy, but doesn't, at the present time. As a rule, he has little room in his picture-gallery or drawing-rooms for works of plastic art. On the other hand, if he were to build a covered garden or conservatory after the fashion set by this exhibition, he could preserve his treasures from the rigor of the climate in winter and unroof the glazed structure to the summer air during the rest of the year. All the time he could see his sculptures under the most attractive conditions, doing justice to them, as well as giving himself a hitherto unknown pleasure. It is a good idea. It will be interesting to see what New York collectors will do with it.

In the mean time it is suggestive to analyze the success of the sculptors themselves with their novel and fascinating scheme. Have they risen to its requirements? Without good sculpture it were surely worthless. The members of the society have realized this, and they leave a charming impression. They have assembled much admirable work, some of it old, some of it new. The best of the old is so good that it must remain ever new. Indeed, the good work of any date has a vitality which renders this a highly inspiriting display in spite of considerable inferior statuary. It is an eclectic show, too. There are portraits, there are ideal subjects, and there are decorative productions destined for architectural surroundings. Some of these last are among the most conspicuous in the galleries. Mr. Bitter's vast design made for a railway station in Philadelphia is perhaps too prominent. It is big, but not proportionately impressive. The composition lacks power, and the style is without distinction. Mr. Martiny makes a good effect in his statuette of a boy modelled for the "Life" building, and in his tall allegorical figure of a woman proposed for another New York structure. For the same building Mr. Massey Rhind offers a similar figure, conceived with much refined taste and excellently done. A masterly performance in a kindred field is visible in the two caryatides sent by Mr. Olin Warner—statues now old and familiar in local galleries, but so strong, so beautiful, and so individual in style that they are more than welcome upon the present occasion. Mr. Warner, in fact, is one of the foremost figures of the show. In addition to his caryatides he sends a number of portraits, classical in style, authoritative in workmanship, and alive with a spirit of contemplative imagination which would alone set this sculptor apart in any gathering. As it is, he has an executive faculty in keeping with his genius and the work by which he is represented in this collection the portraits, the caryatides, and the lovely figure of a young Diana are uniformly beautiful with that rounded full-veined beauty which promises a long and triumphant life. With men like Mr. Warner and Mr. St. Gaudens in

its school, America may in all modesty, but still confidently, look forward to a sure participation in the honors of the dim future, when modern plastic art is given its permanent laurels. And these two men are not alone, as this exhibition conclusively proves. It illustrates, for example, the serene and mature art of Mr. French, in his monumental statue of "Gallaudet teaching a Deaf-mute Child." This is a work of imposing, and yet subtly, almost tenderly winning character. The general effect is massive, dignified. The two portraits, the two attitudes, are full of fine expression, full of a quality which you would call pathos if the kernel of the conception were not so instinct with eager effort, with endeavor forgetful of its own handicap.

There are other works of heroic aspect present, notably the picturesque and vigorously modelled group by Mr. Ruckstuhl, entitled, "Mercury teasing the Eagle of Jupiter," but except for this, the graceful "Whirlwind" of Mr. Hartley, and the "Puritan" of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, there is nothing to delay appreciation of Mr. Farnham's enchanting figure of "Phœnicia and the Wind," a brilliant little nude study, or of the six statuettes which speak for Mr. Macmonnies. That accomplished sculptor sends the "Pan," the "Bacchante," the "Boy and Heron," and the other figures which have before this been put before the public, and he sends also a reduction in bronze of his "Nathan Hale." Throughout this group he is unfailingly polished in style, and original beyond the usual measure of recent plastic art. He knows his powers, treads firmly in whatever direction he essays, and is always spirited. In the present exhibition he is somehow more captivating than ever. A similarly even quality belongs to the refined productions of Mr. Herbert Adams—a man who is distinguished in feeling whenever he throws into form the conceptions peculiar to his temperament. He is subtly effective in the portraits and other works which he presents. In company with his busts there should be mentioned a feminine head, by Mr. William Ordway Partridge, which has been seen more than once before. It wears better than anything else he has ever done, marking the highest expression of his talent in its simplicity and in its subtle feeling. There is a great deal of feeling to be apprehended in this exhibition. There is craftsmanship, plenty of it; but in the animal studies of Mr. Macneil, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Proctor, in the fanciful improvisations of Mr. Bauer and Mr. Wuertz, in the various productions of Miss Potter, Mr. Moretti, Mr. Grafly, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Clarke, Mr. H. Kendall, and Mr. Bush-Brown, there is a good deal more. All these sculptors have the power to evoke interest as well by what they say as by their way of saying it, and they, like those to whom more special allusion has been made, rouse a sense of life and energy in the show for which the most cordial words of praise are due. The sculptors have waited long to make their independent demonstration, but having made it, they can feel certain of unremitting support from the public. The plane upon which they now stand is a high one. They show themselves well qualified to arbitrate in matters plastic for this community, and in their efforts to raise the standard of public taste they must inspire the encouraging admiration of every one concerned.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

LIFE AND LETTERS

A CERTAIN kind of book of travel, which I always thought a very agreeable kind, seems to have quite gone out. I can only typify the kind I mean by mentioning Kinglake's Eothen, Curtis's Howadji, Gautier's Spain, which all, in a more or less poetical and humorous cast, and a veiled but constant personality, may be said to have derived in æsthetic descent from Heine's Travel-Pictures. They are none of them perfect types of the kind, and taken altogether they do not fully exemplify it, but they will serve to suggest it to the reader; and I hope will justify to him my regret that nothing like them is done, any more. They treated imaginatively rather than exactly of the life they dealt with, but for that very reason they imparted a sense of intimacy with it; or, at least they made us intimate with their author's moods, and now and then they gave us insight into the alien character showing itself to him. But I am aware that they belonged to a simpler and easier time, and I am afraid that they were a flower of that romantic stem which I am always trying to uproot at least in other people's breasts. In any case they had the literary grace which I find wanting in later books of travel, where I miss the poet and humorist and am not wholly consoled by meeting the journalist, or even the interviewer.

I.

But no sooner does one say a neat thing of this sort than one begins to deplore it, and to wish it were not true. It is certainly not so true as it might be of any recent book of travel I have in mind, and yet it might be less true than it is even of the book of an artist like M. Paul Bourget, whose Outre-Mer I have been looking over in the book after my first cursory acquaintance with it in the newspaper. In the newspaper it seemed literary, and in the book it seems journalistic; and in fact it is the materials of a book rather than a book. I do not blame it for that, for it does not affect to be anything but the outpourings of M. Bourget's mind, and does not offer itself as any essence or distillation from them. But in its secondary shape, the merely primary use of impressions is more apparent, and its want of a constant intention is more discomfiting; it is scambling and shambling in its advance from topic to topic, and it is loose and vague as a whole in spite of its panting intensity in particulars. Perhaps an artist owed us a work of art, but after one has said this, one has scarcely the right to say anything more against M. Bourget's sketch of American civilization except that with all its points of likeness it is not a likeness. This is what no alien can feel, and it is what no American can prove in the face of a sincere and mostly honest record of experience and observation; but it is true nevertheless. The best part of his study is that of our "Society"; this he could see and did see with measurable accuracy, because "society" here is like "society" everywhere in most of its superficial aspects; but where American society differs from European society, you feel that there is something amiss in the picture though the portrait is still recognizable. You perceive that it is an effect in a foreign mind, most generous, most desirous to be just, but finally through the manifold differences of race, religion, education, and association, unable to report the fact in its very shape and color. From our point of view, the difference is like that in the cyclorama, where the real earth and grass are carried up to the painted earth and grass on the canvas, and the painter with the best will in the world to continue them in perfect illusion, supplies instead an imitation which instantly breaks the illusion, though if you will look away from the junction the imitation will have a very fair verisimilitude. I suppose this must happen in the study of any alien people, and the more careful and earnest the study, the more disappointing and defeating it must be. I do not say that M. Bourget's study of us may not be very good for Frenchmen; but for Americans it is not good, except in the matter of a few touches, a few phrases. It would have been a pity not to have had that phrase of "chaste depravity," which he uses to describe a condition of some society women's minds, and he has given a due sense of the *troppa roba* characteristic of our society people's clothes, houses, tastes, pleasures, lives; no one else has so well intimated how our plutocracy overdoes it all; and no critic could have more gracefully concealed his perception of its essential vulgarity.

In fact I do not see how any one could be more patient of what he does not and cannot understand than M. Bourget is in our case; we commonly lose our tempers in such conditions, and he keeps his from first to last, and goes away trying to think the best of us, though he must have really felt us something brutally ugly, amorphous, monstrous, grotesque, at the bottom of his heart, all the time. So indeed we may be on the outside, and we ought therefore to hope as hard as we can that we have some compensatory inward loveliness, and so far as we care for the good opinion of the world try to make it evident. We ought even to strive for it if we find ourselves wanting in it, so that hereafter when some author of our own shall study us as faithfully as M. Bourget has done, and endeavor as seriously to portray us, we shall not be ashamed of the picture, for then it will be a true picture.

II.

There are no true pictures of any people, I have hinted my belief already, except those they make of themselves, and that is why the reader of Miss Isabel Hapgood's Russian Rambles will find them unsatisfying, after his acquaintance with Russian life in the novels of Gogol, Tourgenief, Tolstoy, and Dostoyefsky. This is a hard test to bring her book to, but it is inevitable, for the Russian novelists have painted Russian character and circumstance with such fulness and closeness that you feel as if you were meeting their persons in the real people of the traveller's page. It is no doubt a testimony to her fidelity that these seem so like the imaginary types of fiction; at any rate, when I have found them a little different, I have had my misgivings about them.

We are usually of two moods, in the presence of European phenomena. We either mock or blame them very much, or else we admire them with something very like a foolish face of praise. Miss Hapgood distinguishes herself by differing a little from both kinds of American travellers, and taking an attitude towards the country of her inspection which if not always encouraging is always consoling. She dedicates her collection of sketches to Russia, as a whole, and to her "Russian friends, who may rest assured" that she has forgotten none of the kind things she has not set down concerning them. There is no clanking of political prisoners' chains in her pages; the police and the censorship if not painted a positive rose are certainly not dyed so black as we have been accustomed to see them; I should say that they were rather shown a pretty dove-color, and that may really be their complexion. The people, the common people, are much what we know them from the novelists, and from Stepniak; but they are without that shadow of doom which the Russians so often cast upon them. They are gentle, affectionate, brotherly even, and they have an independence of character and conduct which she does not account for by any desperation of circumstances or conditions.

I could have wished a little more philosophy in her observation, and perhaps some greater breadth and depth of vision, but certainly not more amiability in either. This shows nowhere more conspicuously than in her full and frank account of her visit to Tolstoy, "who on personal acquaintance proves to be a remarkably earnest, thoroughly convinced and winning man." He has, indeed, a baffling habit of silence when defeated, or perhaps merely fatigued, in argument; but the author does not lose her patience with him for all that. She presents a most interesting picture of his domestic life, and the peculiar terms of his reconciliation with circumstance; and she is impatient of nothing but some characteristics of his followers. She confesses that she "sympathized" with a certain Prince K. who "conversationally turned his back" on a disciple of Tolstoy at Tolstoy's table, and "embarrassed the young man extremely," because this disciple had on a stiff peasant shirt front which gaped and showed his hairy breast. But there is something worse than a hairy breast accidentally shown, and that is a hard and vulgar heart such as this Prince K.'s seems to have been; and I am sorry that the author sympathized with him.

III.

I know so very little of Chinese, Japanese, Korean, and Siamese literature that I am unable to bring the facts of Mr. Henry Norman's studies of the Peoples and Politics of the far East to the test of their fiction. I am obliged to try his types and characters by what I know of human nature, and here I have a difficulty, for he tells me (with his other readers) that I must not judge oriental human nature from occidental human nature. I dare say he is quite right. Oriental human nature is in that remote stage of civilization which we issued from centuries and centuries ago; and occidental human nature has changed for the better a vast number of times since it was basally the same. Pain and death are the rule in the East; man has not yet learned to put himself in man's place out there; but life is so heavy a burden that pain and death are lightly accepted. Such civilization as there seems to be is intellectual and æsthetic; spiritual civilization there is none; for spiritual civilization is of Christianity and nothing else, whatever the shortcomings of Christians may be. That is the lesson of Mr. Norman's book, and at the end one cannot help wishing with him that England may come more and more into control in the East. Her control, with all its wrongs and abuses, is always better than the native control, and always better than that of any Western nation, since America is out of the question. Of course England has done many bad things, and Mr. Norman does not fail to remind Englishmen of their own atrocities in putting down the Indian mutiny, when he confesses with grief and shame that the Japanese have not been so good as their theories in the conduct of their war against China.

Of all the Eastern peoples they seem to him the best; they have the promise of great things in them; and there is little or no other promise in all that half the world as he has seen it. He has seen it cursorily, as the unauthorized traveller must, and he has seen it intimately as only a highly commissioned journalist can. He has traversed dominions otherwise almost trackless to the Western man, and his raft has floated upon waters unknown to our keels. He has slain the tiger in his lair, and interviewed the oriental despot in his palace; nothing paragraphable is alien to him. He sees with an eye that is almost American in its clearness, and judges with a mind that is liberally English in its conclusions. As I have said, these seem to me just, and I do not understand how when it is so obviously a question of England or Russia in the East, any freedom-loving man can fail to be for England.

Mr. Norman's book is journalistic and not artistic. Where it is most graphic it is not picturesque; where it is most dramatic it is the note-book and the pencil that you see, rather than the acted scene. Yet of its kind, among recent books of travel, where the effect is of materials rather than of colors and proportions, I do not know any better, if any so good.

W. D. HOWELLS.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

How tall? Five feet—scarce more. It might be worse!
Five feet fill out the sweetest English verse.
Her thought between her lips she kisses so
The fond words linger: even her voice is low.

M. W.

WILLIAM G. RICE.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN was noted throughout his later life for the shrewdness of his judgment in selecting the young men whom he was to train for the work of engineering the Democratic party in New York. Charles S. Fairchild, Winslow Page, Daniel S. Lamont, Charles Tracey, the late Edgar K. Apgar, and a half-dozen others who have since risen into deserved prominence, were members of the little group with whom he surrounded himself in the early seventies. He found his young friends in all sorts of places. He was once so struck with the soldierly bearing and air of self-command of an officer in a corps of school-boy cadets on parade in an Albany street that on coming into the Governorship in 1875 he promptly resolved to find a place for the young fellow in the National Guard. A vacancy in the office of Assistant Paymaster-General gave him the desired opportunity. As the duties of the position included the making or superintendence of all disbursements for the militia system of the State, the responsibility was a very heavy one to throw upon the shoulders of a lad of nineteen. The appointee called to thank the Governor for the unsolicited honor. Mr. Tilden's only response was the question, "Can you write?" Upon the young man's assuring him that he could, the Governor brought the interview to an abrupt close, and William Gorham Rice went his way to take the oath of office and assume the relative rank of Colonel. That Rice was able to write, in more than the strictly literal sense, was proved by the fact that in the Democratic National Convention of 1876 it was he who reported the proceedings for Mr. Tilden's stanch supporter, the Albany *Argus;* and during the campaign which followed he contributed some of the most notable articles which appeared on the editorial page of the same journal.

Colonel Rice was born in Albany, in 1856. He is a grandson of the late Colonel William Rice, of Worthington, Massachusetts; a son of William A. Rice, for many years prominent in business and public affairs in Albany; and a nephew of General James C. Rice, who commanded the Ellsworth Zouaves, and was killed at Spottsylvania in 1864. He received his education at the Albany Academy. His tenure of office as Assistant Paymaster-General continued through the administrations of Governors Robinson, Cornell, and Cleveland, his duties being made especially onerous by the railway riots of 1877 and the establishment of the State Camp of Instruction at Peekskill. In 1883 Governor Cleveland selected him for service as clerk in the Executive Chamber, to assist Colonel Lamont, the Governor's private secretary. When Colonel Lamont accompanied President Cleveland to Washington, Colonel Rice was promoted to the full private-secretaryship by Governor Hill, but he resigned this office in 1888 to become vice-president and treasurer of a car-heating corporation, where his business ability was very conspicuous. He also became, in the same year, a trustee of the National Savings-bank of Albany, and a few years later was appointed by Mayor Manning a member of the city Board of Finance and Trustee of the Sinking Funds.

In 1892 Colonel Rice married a daughter of the late Chancellor John V. L. Pruyn. He is a member of the Manhattan and Reform Clubs of New York city, and has taken an active part in Democratic politics in the State generally, always as a member of the progressive wing of his party. He has been for many years interested in the subject of civil service reform, though not publicly identified with the movement. Some of the ideas on this subject which he has advanced to President Cleveland led to his selection for the office of United States Civil Service Commissioner.

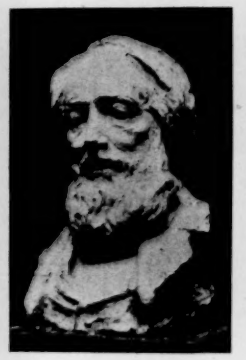
DECORATIVE PANEL FOR PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION, PHILADELPHIA.
By Karl Bitter.

IN THE SOUTH GALLERY.
The Macmonnies Bronzes shown in this Picture are photographed by permission of Theodore B. Starr.

ALLEGORICAL FIGURE.
By Philip Martiny.

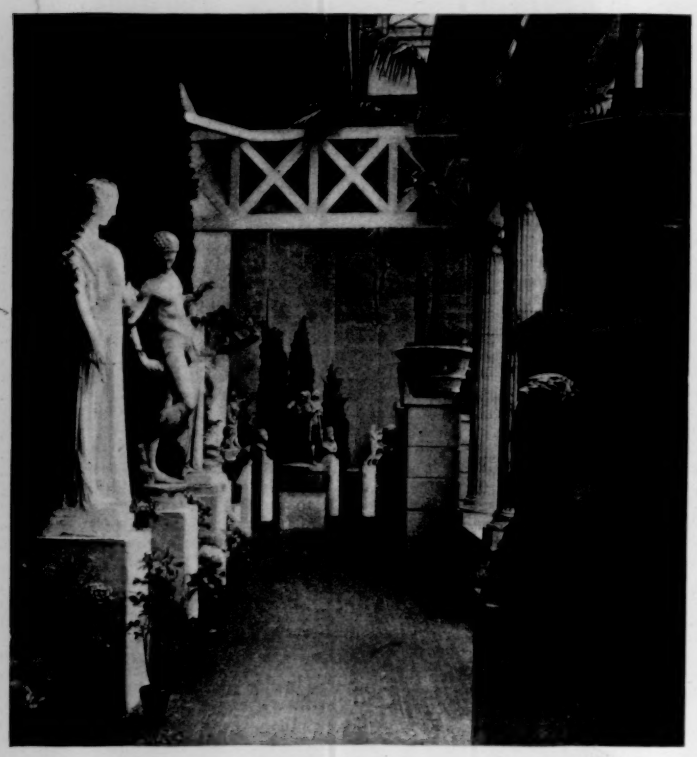
DOG AND BONE.—By A. P. Proctor.

WILLIAM B.
By Bessie Potter.



AN OLD SETTLER.
By Lorado Taft.

FRAGMENT OF MODEL FOR MARBLE RELIEF IN JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.—By Herbert Adams.

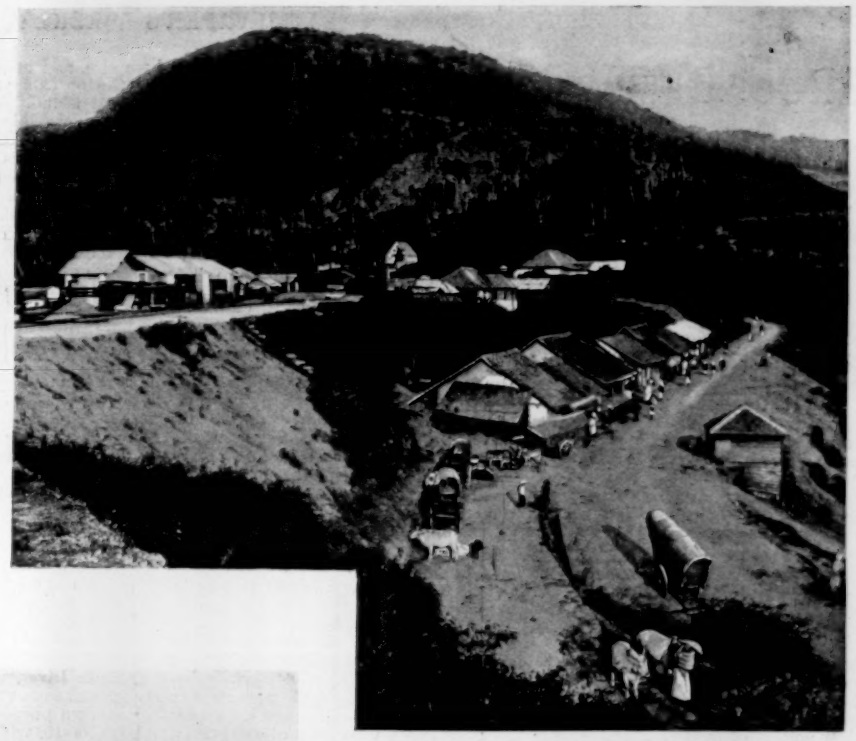


IN THE VANDERBILT GALLERY.

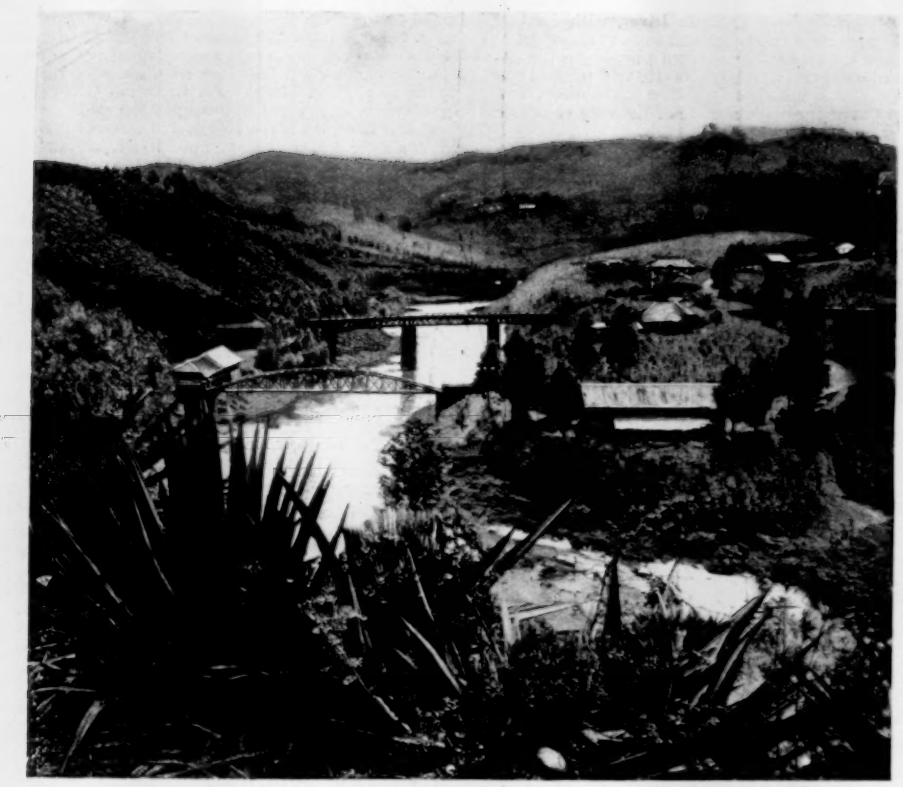
AN AVENUE OF PALMS.

FROM THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY.—[See Page 484.]

THE CHIEF ENGINEER AND HIS "TROLLEY."

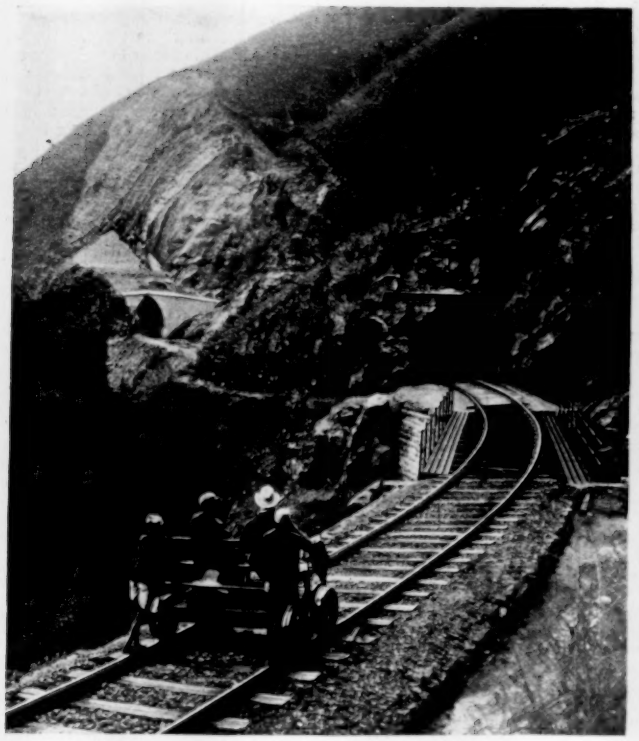


HAPUTALE.

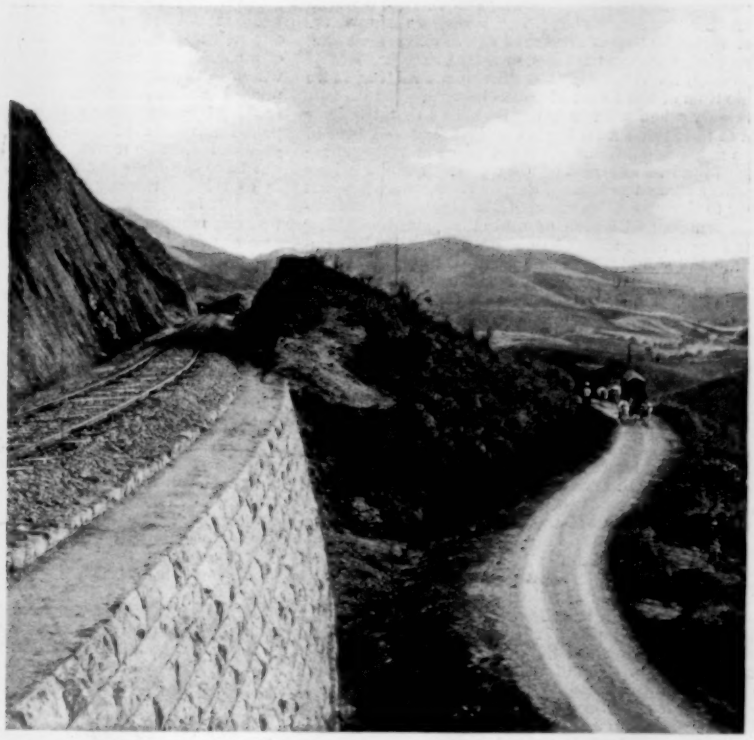


LINDULA RIVER AT TALAWAKELE.

COOLIE TRACK-WORKERS.



ON THE BANDERAWELLA EXTENSION.



THE TWO WAYS.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN CEYLON—RAILWAYS.—Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 488.]

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

A RAILWAY TRIP IN CEYLON.

THE railway system of Ceylon is entirely a government railway system. When the first line was projected, more than thirty years ago, indeed, this feature was not a matter of choice, but necessity, as no private enterprise could have been induced to undertake a work so formidable in itself, and holding out so very scanty assurances of any adequate return for the capital required to be expended. The government fortunately had the necessary faith in the commercial future of the country, and possibly may also have felt that the expenditure would in its hands be justified apart from mere returns of interest by the development of the island and its industries. It is satisfactory to find that this confidence has been justified to an extent which probably not even the most sanguine advocate of the undertaking would have ventured to anticipate.

The entire mileage of the constructed lines does not exceed 260 miles, and is unequally divided between a coastal line of some 75 miles in length between the capital and the town and harbor of Galle, at the extreme southerly point of the island, and a line from Colombo directly into the hill country of the interior. This latter line is a portion of what is intended to be the main system of the island, and is at once the most attractive to the traveller, the most instructive to the engineer, and the most important in all respects to the country. It has also, it must be admitted, been, out of all proportion to its length, the most costly in construction. We were fully prepared to find this fact accounted for by the natural difficulties to be overcome, but it was not until we had personally examined the line that we could form any adequate conception of what these had actually been.

On leaving Colombo, the first few miles of the line pass through a level country, which, while it presents no very serious obstacles to railway construction, is also wanting in any very striking features to attract the admiration of the sight-seer. The blazing radiance of the tropical sun, however, served to make us fully prepared to appreciate the really excellent arrangements of the first-class cars, in which every provision seems to be made that is possible to insure the comfort of the passengers. I may mention here that this solicitude for comfort is mainly confined to the first class, in which all persons of European extraction are supposed to travel. Of course this is only an unwritten law, but it is not on that account the less binding, as the white traveller who ventured to disregard its precepts would not only find that folly, like virtue, was its own reward, but would be looked upon with deep contempt by the yellow and brown occupants (the burghers and half-castes), who are by custom its natural owners. To these the second class is sacred, just as the third class brings up the rear with its complement, which is usually a full one, of coffee-colored Singhalese and still darker Tamils.

It must not be supposed, however, that although by comparison with the higher levels of the line the railway across the plain to the foot of the hills is uninteresting, it presents no points of attraction. It is, indeed, only the vastly superior natural and engineering features on the higher grades that prevent one from regarding even this first forty miles of railway travelling in Ceylon as exceptionally interesting. Not much, indeed, is to be seen through the hooded and latticed windows of our carriage in the way of a distant prospect, as the line runs on a low embankment most of the way, and the view is confined by the dense masses of palm groves, that extend as far as the eye can reach on every side. The foreground, however, is often varied by the occurrence of native villages nestling in open glades among the trees, or a far-reaching piece of rice swamp, its vivid green contrasting with the more metallic tints of the forest of palms beyond.

It is only when we reach Rambukkana that the long ascent to the higher level begins, and it may safely be said that no more romantic or beautiful piece of railway line is to be found in any part of the world. The line winds serpentlike up a succession of deep ravines, where it seems to cling to the precipitous face of the almost perpendicular cliff, winding with each natural curve, and burrowing through mass after mass of solid gray rock that juts out from the hill-side. There is plenty of view to be had now. Below us, and gradually receding farther and farther into the depths, are the wooded bottoms of the ravines, the sparkling waters of their little rivers now seen and now lost amongst the luxuriance of the tropical foliage. Beyond, the eye ranges over the wide expanse of the low coastal district—a long succession of waves of bronze-green foliage relieved by patches of brighter green where the young rice is springing in the swamps, till at last it reaches the sea, which sparkles and glitters, a suitable golden girdle for the emerald island.

The difference between the plain level and that of the hill country is from seventeen hundred to two thousand feet, not enough greatly to influence the actual heat, perhaps, but enough to make a wonderful change in the comfort of existence to natives of non-tropical climates. The sun heat is not altered, but we have got rid of the close, stifling atmosphere of the coast region, which seems during the hours of the day to make life hardly worth living. On these higher slopes life is well worth living. Indeed, except in the very hottest hours of the day, few more delightful climates can be conceived than this, and even the natives give one the impression of being vastly more active and vigorous than their countrymen on the plains below. Looking at them, and consulting one's own feelings, it becomes easy to understand why all the great cities of ancient Ceylon were built in the hill country.

Apart from the grand natural features of the rugged country through which the line passes in the ascent of the hills, the most striking sight, and the one likely to remain longest in the memory of the visitor, is the great Palmyra palm in flower. This wonderful sight can, as a matter of fact, hardly be seen anywhere else, and in its way it is quite as well worth a visit to Ceylon as anything else a stranger will see in the beautiful island. We had the good fortune to see several of these vegetable wonders on our way up the mountain line, springing here and there from among the dense growths of the ravines to a height, including the flowers, of certainly a hundred and thirty feet. The tall straight stem rises like a slender column of nearly white marble, crowned with a splendid diadem of drooping leaves, each of which would cover nearly two hundred square feet with its fanlike fronds of lustrous green. From the centre of this crown of leaves there springs, when the palm is in flower (an event which, in its case, as in that of the aloe, happens but once in its lifetime), an enormous plume of pure white flowers, forming a pyramid of bloom from thirty to forty feet in height.

At Kadugannava, where the line is about two thousand feet above the sea-level, we reached not only the highest elevation of the railway, but the great natural water-shed of the hill country. From this point the floods of the rainy season descend on the one side to the ravines and plains we had left, and on the other into the Mahavalle Gange, which, after a course of nearly a hundred and fifty miles, flows into the sea at Trincomalee, on the northeast coast of the island. At this point the line of the great mountain road, the first great step made by the British conquerors to control and develop the interior of the island, almost coincides with that of the railway, and, as shown in our picture of "The Two Ways," the old and the new era of transport are brought side by side. Both, it must be admitted, are splendid examples of their kind, and illustrate the triumph of science and perseverance over difficulties of no ordinary kind.

Our illustration of the Lindula River, with its two bridges, shows once more the parallel lines of transport in the hill country, each serving its own purpose in the development of a district which for its size will probably be erelong, even if it is not already, owing to the marvellous development of the tea-culture, one of the very richest in the world.

The illustration of a curve on the Banderawella extension of the line gives some idea of the gigantic difficulties that have been grappled with and successfully overcome on this line, and it may also serve to give some faint suggestion of the romantic character of the line which, to tell the truth, is in many places hardly calculated for the soothing of disordered nerves. To those, however, who are not troubled with nerves there is something singularly exhilarating in the feeling of sweeping round these sharp curves on the downward grade, through the bewildering light and shade of a dozen tunnels, in little more than as many minutes, and betweenwhiles glancing down what looks like a sheer descent of from eight hundred to a thousand feet.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that all the actual manual labor, both in forming and maintaining the works, is done by coolies. Europeans, indeed, never condescend to hard work in this part of the world; but it does infinite credit to the power of initiation and organizing which characterizes the handful of Europeans—chiefly Scotchmen—that they have got such work out of the not very promising material of the native laborers.

The railway system of Ceylon is in course of gradual development, and with its advance will certainly proceed that of this wonderful island. When the line now projected to cross the Strait of Manaar and so to join Ceylon with the mainland is completed, the ancient position of the island, with more than its ancient prosperity as the granary of southern India, is likely to be restored, after an eclipse lasting for more than two thousand years.

THE RAILWAYS OF CEYLON.

BY J. G. PANGBORN.

THE entire railway system of Ceylon is comprised in the mileage of the government lines. The gauge throughout is five feet six inches, and it is one of the best-constructed railway systems in the world.

There were very many difficulties to surmount when the work reached the foot of the incline to Kandy, problems of construction that might well have deterred the engineers of a narrow-gauge or three-foot line—gradients to ascend which in the distance to be traversed could not be accomplished in places at a less ratio than one foot rise in forty-four, and curvatures to successfully round which compelled a radius of five chains. Enormous masses of granite had to be removed or penetrated, and one cannot but have the highest admiration for the nerve displayed in carrying a railway of five and a half feet gauge—the broadest in America is four feet eight and a half inches—up such mountain ascents as intervene between Colombo and Kandy. Later on the journey, when further proof of the determination to overcome every obstacle in the way of mountain masses is evidenced in the extension of the line to Nanu Oya, and the recent completion of the track without a reversing station or switchback to Banderawella, the expert from the United States, or from any country under the sun, cannot but acknowledge that there are lessons in railway construction to be learned even in far-off Ceylon.

There is hardly a tangent that is a straightaway piece of track of a mile in length on the whole line from the foot of the Kandy incline to the terminus at Banderawella. It is one unbroken succession of up grade and down, one in forty-four being so frequently indicated as to become almost monotonous. The curvatures follow in such unbroken order as to suggest the building upon the trail of a huge snake, while tunnels indicate by their frequency that anything in the shape of a wall of stone had no terrors whatever for the engineer in charge. Nearing Banderawella there is a single mile upon which there are no less than twenty-seven tunnels, and at one point on the track four of the openings or entrances can be seen. It is not uncommon to behold from the car window three different levels of the track, and one can see a station which as the crow flies is but a couple of miles away, yet by the railway is ten miles distant.

The track is laid with seventy-two-pound steel, upon sawed Norway pine, thickly creosoted. The average depth of ballast is eighteen inches, and in places it is three feet. In this respect—that is, the ballasting, both as to the uniformity of the rock and the manner in which it is placed—the Ceylon railway could well stand as a model for any line in the world. No more perfect example of construction and maintenance exists anywhere, and the thirty years' service of Engineer-in-Chief Cantrell, has no more been without its lasting record in this respect than in the remarkable series of bridges he has erected on the line, not one of which has proved otherwise than successful—a strong point to make when taking into consideration the disadvantage he has labored under in being so remote from all centres of supply.

The scenery throughout the journey from Colombo to Banderawella is of the most varied and grandest in all the East as seen from a car window, but it is upon the trolley or hand-car that it is at its best. The feats of engineering accomplished are there the more keenly realized, and the whirl around the five-chain curves, and the dashes down the three-per-cent. gradients at a forty-mile pace, are about as exhilarating an experience as the tropics can afford.

THE SITUATION IN KOREA.

By the treaty of Shimonoséki, ratified at Chee-foo May 8, 1895, the independence of Korea is assured beyond question and before the world.

On the theory, founded upon solemn treaties, that the Peninsular Kingdom was both sovereign and independent, and only after the King's answer to the same effect had been formally given in Seoul to the Mikado's envoy, Japan went to war with China, which ostentatiously claimed Korea as "our subject state."

Were the Japanese right? The question is best answered by a survey of the political situation as it was before the eight months' war just now concluded.

Oriental diplomacy is essentially different from that created by the nations of Christendom. The former relies almost entirely upon the force of antiquity and custom. What we may call the Near Eastern diplomacy is founded upon the cimeter and Mohammedan ideas of theocracy applied to politics. In the Far Orient, or Chinese Asia, diplomatic proceedings rest less upon the sword and conquest, and more upon the patriarchal ideas of theocracy, and, in a more practical sense, upon letters, almanacs, and the imparted gifts of China's civilization. Down at the bottom the relation between the Middle Kingdom and her vassals, real or so called, is one of pedantry. China looks upon her neighbors, once scholars in her school, very much as a country schoolmaster, who mingles benevolence and tyranny, regards his urchins, whom he may thrash or favor, as he desires. In modern times, however, with the pressure of Western nations on all sides upon her, China has used her tributary frontagers as buffers to deaden or to resist the shock of change. In our century France, England, Russia, have come into collision with her inert mass, and now Japan has completed the cordon, and the shocks redouble on every side.

Yielding to inexorable necessity, China has already lost, on the north, half of Manchooria; on the southwest, Burmah; on the south, Annam and Cochin China; but, as was prophesied by those best acquainted with her, she has fought for Ili, will fight for Thibet, and tried to fight for Korea.

What was the status of the Peninsular Kingdom?

By entangling Chinese and Western ideas, the diplomacy of the Orient and that of Christendom, there was a worse than Gordian knot, which the Japanese sword has cut. From the Chinese point of view Korea was a traitor, and Japan a marauder. The diplomacy created by Christendom being the norm and basis of practice for the world, the question became clear, and has been solved, as the treaties had already answered it, and as Japan determined it should be answered.

According to all standards, precedents, and interpretations of international law and of the diplomacy created by Christendom, which Japan accepted, Korea was an independent sovereign state. China's actions in Cho-sen since 1884 have been in the nature of direct insults to the United States and to the other high contracting powers.

For unless we have utterly misread history and international law, the unerring test of state sovereignty is the right to make treaties with foreign powers, to receive foreign ministers, and to declare war and peace, to say nothing of the rights of coining money and of possessing an army and navy. These rights Korea exercised. We do not deny for one moment that Korea may have been *tributary* to China, and that she paid her tribute regularly; yet he who would argue from that graceful act of a weaker state, which desires to keep friendship with a larger neighbor, a condition of vassalage, must forget a very long chapter of the history of both Europe and the United States. For centuries, under command of the Sultan, the Mohammedan states in North Africa demanded tribute from the great Christian powers of Europe; and this tribute was regularly paid, until the whole system was blown to pieces by the little American navy under Rodgers and Decatur. Yet who would be so silly as to argue that because England, France, and Spain paid tribute to Algiers that they were the vassals of this petty state? Furthermore, even in our own time, since Great Britain conquered and occupied Burmah, she, by taking into her empire this subtropical country, still actually pays tribute to China on account of Burmah. So, on the other hand, because the Barbary States paid tribute to the Sultan, and often obeyed his commands, even to making war upon other nations, no Christian government therefor denied to these petty Mediterranean states the attributes of sovereignty.

China had deliberately and repeatedly disclaimed all rights of interference in the internal affairs of Korea. In 1866, Prince Kung, acting for the Chinese Emperor, refused to apply the treaties of Tien-tsin to Korea, denied the French missionaries living disguised therein passports, and declined to avenge the murders of French subjects. The Tsung-li Yamen explicitly declared to M. de Bellonet that China had no authority over Korea, and permitted, without even a word of remonstrance, the French expedition of vengeance under Admiral Roze. In 1876 the Peking government gave fullest assurances to Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister, that it had no authority over Korea, and that a treaty might be made by Japan with the Peninsular Kingdom as with an independent country. The first article of the treaty signed February 27, 1876, reads: "Korea, being an independent state, enjoys the same right as does Japan." When Rear-Admiral R. H. Shufeldt would make a treaty for the United States with Korea, he received the express encouragement and friendly offices of Li Hung Chang, and, as the text of that treaty shows, the United States recognized Korea as being

on the same footing of sovereignty and independence with themselves. So also the governments of Europe made the same full and explicit recognition.

When, therefore, in 1887, Korea decided to assert her treaty rights, and to send foreign representatives abroad (largely with the immediate purpose of putting a stop to increasing Chinese encroachments), the Peking government actually attempted to prevent their leaving the country. It was only by the direct intervention of the United States minister and an American man-of-war that the Korean minister reached Washington and established the legation of Cho-sen in that city. Even then the Chinese minister wished to have everything arranged, both secretly and openly, in such a manner that there would be an object-lesson given of China's suzerainty and of Korea's vassalage before the foreign plenipotentiaries and the United States government. On the contrary, the Korean minister was promptly and without any preliminary (except the examination of his credentials) presented to the President by the Secretary of State, and without any reference whatever to or intermeddling of the Chinese plenipotentiary, who was an unknown quantity in the case.

Were it not for England's tendency to use China as an opium shop, and to regulate her proceedings according to purely commercial standards, the act of China in efficiently preventing the Korean envoy from reaching London would have been regarded as a *casus belli*, for the second article of the British treaty with Korea, negotiated by Sir Henry Parkes, gives to each contracting power, in the most explicit terms, the right of appointing diplomatic representatives to reside permanently or temporarily at the capital of each other.

To make a long story short, China had repeatedly disavowed even the claim of suzerainty over Korea, or of the vassalage of her neighbor state. Only when it suited her purpose did she come forward to renew lapsed, ancient, and now preposterous claims. Out of her own mouth she has been condemned; for China followed Japan and the United States in making a treaty with Korea, and in that treaty she actually made provision for ex-territorial privileges and passports for Chinese subjects in Korea. This was the *reductio ad absurdum*—a state demanding ex-territorial rights and privileges *for her own subjects within her own sovereignty!* China's case was that of the man who unwittingly "swears to his own hurt, and changes" because truth is less important than policy.

Thus far our country has, in all its proceedings, recognized the sovereignty and independence of Korea, and this in the face of the pretensions of China, as doubtless would be done likewise despite the claims and pretensions of any other country. In a word, there has been solid ground for the unconcealed sympathy with Japan shown by the overwhelming majority of Americans in her determination not to be overawed by her gigantic neighbor, who apparently made and broke treaties with equal facility.

In the ancient world there were many diplomacies and civilizations. Now there is but one international law and one civilization. The first has been worked out chiefly by two republics, the United States of the Netherlands and the United States of America. Only the civilization created by Christianity is now possible. Japan frankly accepted these under the tutelage of Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris. China *must* accept them.

As noble as her military is Japan's civil record in new Korea. In seven weeks she drove out the Chinese and cleared the seas. Promptly she sent her ablest statesman of constructive mind, Count Inouyé, into Korea to reform age-old abuses and restore law, order, and sound finance. Japanese troops put down the Tong Haks. Japanese money by the million has been loaned to effect the proposed reforms. Already the new Korean constitution and some of the improvements are facts. The face of the nation is turned from Confucianism and China to the ideals of Christendom.

Some of the facts are these:

1. The Chinese almanac sent from the Chinese to the Korean legation in Washington has been "declined with thanks."—a fact of significance.

2. Distinction between patrician and plebeian rank abolished. A host of parasites on the government crib discharged. An army of loafers reduced, or elevated, to the rank of producers.

3. Criminals only, and not their family connections, to be punished.

4. Cruelty to women in a thousand forms modified or abolished.

5. Appointment to office to rest on ability, and not on nepotism or pedantry.

6. Equalization of taxes and the annual publication of a budget.

7. Separation of the expenses of the royal house from those of the government. A civil list to be made.

8. Codification of criminal laws.

9. Students to be sent abroad, and education to be made general.

10. Reorganization of all the departments of government, for the improvement of justice, the reform of customs, the development of army, navy, roads, light-houses, railways, telegraphs, industry, agriculture, and the national peace, defence, and wealth.

In a word, as China brought on the war of 1894–5 by trying to make Korea "our subject state," and thus hopelessly Chinese, so Japan is now earnestly making her neighbor modern, civilized, strong, and wealthy. Undoubtedly it is less altruistic than in an enlightened self-interest that the Japanese act. Nevertheless, what Americans did for Japan is very much what Nippon is doing for Cho-sen.

WILLIAM ELIOT GRIFFIS.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN PARIS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Paris that the "Rose et Croix" celebration was at first looked upon rather as a joke, but many who went to scoff remained to pray. The "Rose et Croix" is a society of about five thousand members, who claim to be direct descendants of the Knights of the Holy Grail. As the knights of old fought for the ideal with the lance, these modern knights fight with brush and pen. They court inspiration, and yield to it when it comes; which is made evident by the unequal merit of pictures by the same artists. Many consider them insincere, but amongst the members are artists of high rank. Point, notably, has several unusually fine pictures in this exhibition. His "Princess of Legends" represents a beautiful young woman arrayed after the manner of an æsthetic fairy-tale princess, in shades of brown and gold, sitting on a mossy bank on the edge of a wood playing a guitar. Back of her are the tree trunks, and in the distance a knight rides through the forest. Another picture is called "S'Attirance de l'Eau." In this a woman is walking by the side of a stream in the twilight, and the amethyst shades of the water are repeated in her gown, which also has the flowing motion of the river as it trails behind her. Both of these are very interesting pictures, and are less impressionistic and vague as well as less mystic than most of the others.

The Concours Hippique has been the feature of the last few weeks in Paris. It is, however, far inferior to the New York Horse Show from every point of view. It was quite a ridiculous sight to see the nervous French women trying to make nervous French horses jump. The horses refused the three-foot hurdles in almost every instance, and seemed to prefer to jump over chairs, or the excited Frenchmen in the ring, who actually pursued them with umbrellas in their efforts to make them jump. The costumes of the ladies were not particularly attractive. The proverbial modesty of the violet is a thing of the past, for they were present at the horse show on the bonnets in profusion, and they parade the streets of Paris without a sign of shame. Such is the effect of popularity.

Lilli Lehman has been singing at a Lamoureux concert. She is more dignified and graceful than ever, and her gray hair does not detract from but rather adds to her charm. When she sang parts of *Tristan und Isolde* she roused many memories in the Americans present of the old Opera-house in New York, and the days of the really good German opera.

The marvellous success of the Sorbonne and the Collége de France lectures is doubtless due to the faculty the French have of putting things in a delightful way. It is not so much due to the depth of these lectures, nor their originality, nor the eloquence, properly speaking, of the lecturers; but the auditor comes away with an enriched vocabulary—with new expressions and words used in new meanings. This seems a little thing, but it has the faculty of pleasing some sense, perhaps the sense of form. For instance, when M. Deschanel, in speaking of Stendhal, says "he was awkward in manner, and when he entered a drawing-room looked as if he might have broken a vase in the vestibule," or when he speaks of his naturalness, and the fact that it is not appreciated, he says, "C'était un naturel tellement inédit," or when he speaks of Fabrice's many love-affairs as "une cascade d'amour"—it is exceedingly refreshing to have old ideas thus put in a new dress. It gives one a mental impression of an Easter atmosphere of new bonnets. Easter in Paris, by-the-way, is less evidently celebrated than either mi-carême or Good-Friday. Sunday being always a holiday, a fête on that day disturbs but little the established order of things.

PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS.

TWENTY-SEVEN enlisted men of the United States army have been ordered to appear before examining boards to determine their fitness for promotion to the grade of second lieutenant.

The number of young men entering the army with a view to securing a commission has increased during the past few years to such an extent as to cause serious apprehension whether the law, as it stands at present, is of benefit to the service.

It is a phase of the legislation advocated by Mr. Proctor during his term as Secretary of War that has been taken advantage of almost exclusively by officers of the army to advance youthful relatives to the commissioned grades—young men whose intellectual attainments are barely sufficient to enable them, by two years of close study, to pass an examination the scope of which does not exceed the requirements of a high-school education.

The number of men who enter the army with a view to secure promotion, outside of those who have relatives in the service, is limited to a much smaller number than is generally supposed.

The enactment of the law allowing enlisted men of any grade to apply for examination for a commission removed all incentive for applicants to strive for the lower non-commissioned grades, a most serious defect in the law. It is in keeping with the legislation advocated by Mr. Proctor during his term of office, relative to the gradual elimination of the old soldier, and his replacement by a better class of young men, who were to be secured by holding out as a tempting bait promotion from the ranks.

The large number applying for examination at present would naturally lead to the supposition that Mr. Proctor's object was surely being accomplished, but such is not the fact.

The enlisted force of the army is to-day composed of no better men than it was ten or twelve years ago; in fact, a comparison results favorably to the old soldier. The men who are now being examined for promotion do not in any sense represent the great body of the enlisted men of our service.

They in reality represent a class consisting of about one-twentieth of the enlisted force, who have nothing in common with the other nineteen-twentieths, and who are fully alive to the advantages they possess over the West Point graduate in securing their shoulder-straps in one-half the time required by the cadet to consummate his high ambition.

The enlisted men of the army, especially the old soldiers, look upon these men as a favored class—and favored they are in many ways during their preparatory two years' service.

The soldier reasons, and justly, that if the four years of preparation at West Point are necessary to fully equip the cadet for the requirements of his position as an officer, it is presumption to suppose that a man of ordinary intelligence can, in two years, in addition to his duties as a soldier, fit himself for the accomplishment of the work required of the graduate.

Possessed of the finest military college in the world, which has been the Alma Mater of the greatest soldiers of modern times, it should be the aim of the United States to supply the commissioned officers of our army from that source, restricting promotion from the ranks to extreme cases, in recognition of extraordinary acts of conspicuous bravery on the battle-field, or other distinguishing feature of the soldier's service.

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

XII.

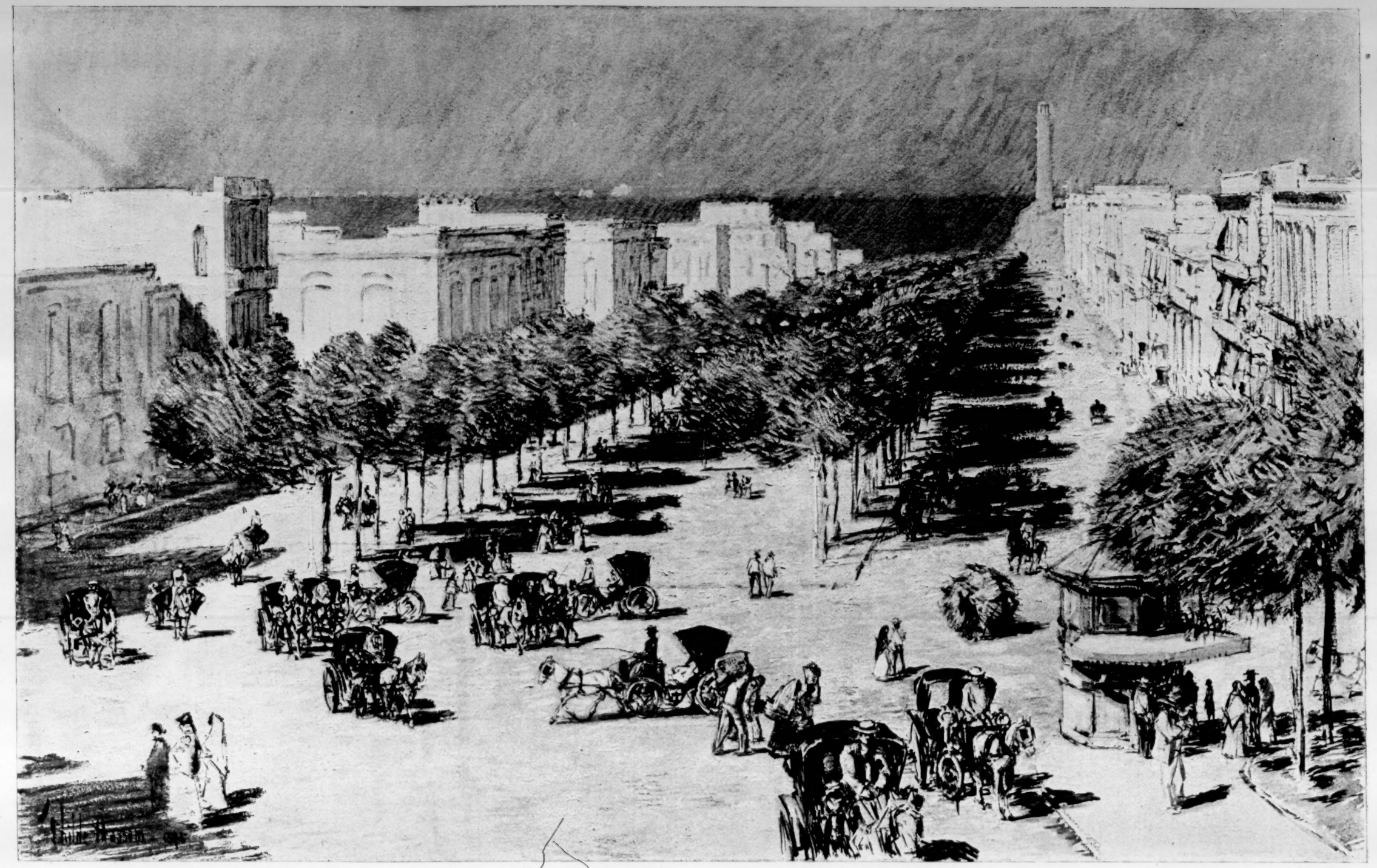
IT was a free-coinage advocate who invented the theory that cheap necessaries of life are curses. Until this curious doctrine was promulgated, it had been supposed that cheap bread meant prosperity—that the only price that rose with the coming of better times was the price of labor. And now when we have the conditions that make for prosperity we hear that the world has been mistaken, and that the wage-earner will be the happier when his food and tools cost him more; that the farmer will once more smile when he pays war prices for his clothes, his lumber, and his agricultural implements. As to the farmer, he should bear in mind that while the prices of some of his products have decreased, the prices of others have risen since 1873; that pig-iron, which is the chief material of his reaper and other implements, sells for about $13 a ton, although in 1873 it sold for about $43; that steel rails have fallen from $120 to $24 a ton; that the freight charges on his products are less, as I have already shown, by at least 50 per cent.; that while the price of his wheat has been reduced about 50 per cent., the price of his corn has fallen less than 10 per cent.; and that the price of mess pork is about the same as it was twenty years ago, while he pays about 60 per cent. less for the cottons that he wears and uses in his house, about 66 per cent. less for his sugar, more than 80 per cent. less for his illuminating oil, and that his clothes and shoes do not cost more than a third of what he paid twenty years ago.

There is only one class that would apparently be benefited by cheap money and dear goods, and that is what is called the "debtor class," but the debtor who fancies that he is to be ultimately benefited in this dishonest way is grievously mistaken. According to the census report of 1890, the number of mortgaged farms in the country was one in five. In the South the number was between two and three per cent. The mortgage indebtedness in the Northwest was for lands and improvements. The greater part of this indebtedness was owing in the Northwest, where land has risen in value, the increase being far beyond the amount of the mortgage indebtedness. Are we to change our currency system, and to establish a fluctuating and dangerous currency which will bring disaster, the mere threat of which has already produced a panic from which we have not yet recovered, in order that the owners of these valuable farms may pay their creditors less purchasing power than they borrowed. It would be like this: Thirty years ago a pioneer borrowed $2500, and with it bought and improved a hundred acres of land in Wisconsin. His land and buildings are now within a short distance of a thriving town, and are worth $20,000. He still owes the money that he borrowed, preferring to pay 7 or even 10 per cent. interest for money on which he can make a profit of from 15 to 25 per cent. Or it may be that with all his prosperity, and notwithstanding the growing value of his lands, he is not often in command of ready cash, or he may be extravagant. Whatever the reason may be, he is still in debt, and he wants cheap money with which to pay his creditor. He wants to drive gold out of circulation, to introduce silver through free coinage, two dollars of which will purchase only as much of his products as could be bought by one of the dollars that he borrowed. At present prices he owes the man who has enabled him to make $20,000, less the $2500 of capital that he lent him, the equivalent of about 4000 bushels of wheat, and he wants the money system changed so that he can pay with about 2000 bushels. It is hardly probable that the four farmers out of every five who owe nothing will consent to incur the perils of free coinage of silver in order to permit the one debtor to pay 2000 bushels of wheat where 4000 are honestly due. Nor is it probable that many of the debtors themselves will ask such a dishonest favor when they come fully to understand the real nature of their request.

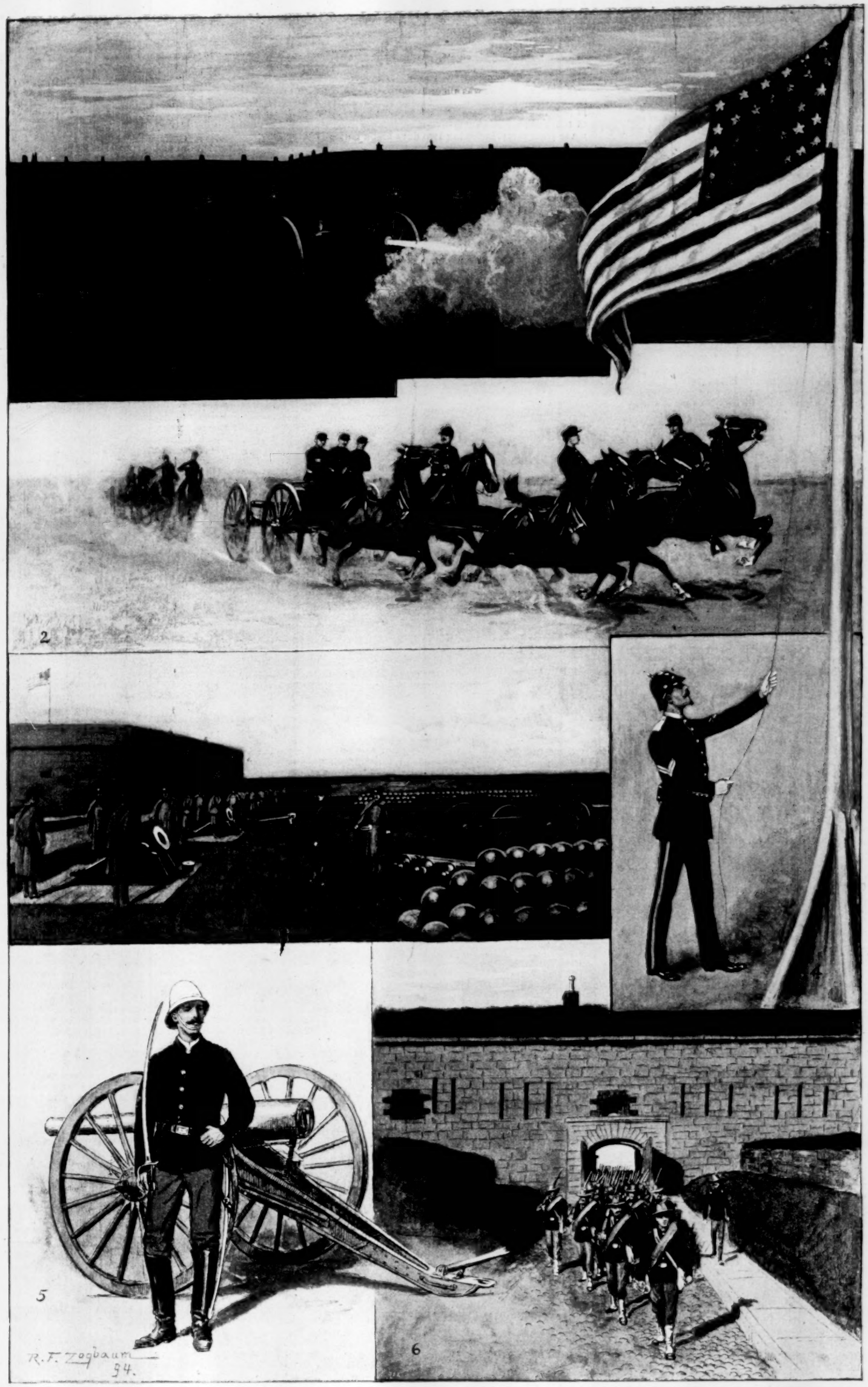
But the silver men say that the cheaper money will benefit those who are paying their debts every year—not mortgage debtors only. How many of the community do these debtors number? One would suppose that the majority of the people of this country were in debt to the minority and to foreigners, who ought to be thankful if they are swindled by our free and independent debtors. As a matter of fact, out of annual payments and receipts made and acknowledged in the business of this country, amounting to about $50,000,000,000, only about $1,500,000,000, or 3 per cent., is paid and received in settlement of debts, so that we are asked to debase our currency, to make our money cheap, to increase the burdens of the producers, the wage-earners, the merchants, and the professional men, to incur the terrors and disasters of a fluctuating medium of exchange, and to add greatly to the dangers of trades and exchanges involving $48,500,000,000 in order that persons owing $1,500,000,000 may pay in fewer goods or effects than they owe.

So much for the debtor argument, or rather outcry. It is a dishonest argument, and is very properly supported by a dishonest pretence that most of the country is on the verge of bankruptcy, and that the government should save the great majority of the people from the oppression of those who demand just payment of that which is their due. Such an outcry would have produced very little effect on the minds of the American people if it had not been complicated with false pretences as to the causes of low prices and as to the pretended conflict of interests between the different sections of the country. There is no such conflict. The interests of the whole country are the same. The man who lends money is deeply and selfishly interested in the prosperity of the man who borrows. He desires him to make money in order that he may pay his interest and his debt. One word more concerning mortgage debtors. Much the larger part of this debt is now overdue. The amount of the mortgage debts in this country is about $6,000,000,000, and of this payment of at least $4,000,000,000 could be demanded to-morrow. Suppose that free coinage of silver were adopted, and gold were driven out of circulation. Silver would pass then at its real worth, and as it has been continuously depreciating for a long time, the mortgage creditors would greatly fear its still further depreciation. The result would be that a large part of these mortgages would be foreclosed at once. Has the "debtor class" taken this into account?

H. L. N.



THE PRADO, HAVANA, CUBA.—Drawn by Childe Hassam.



AT FORT ADAMS, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 496.]

1. The Morning Gun. 2. Light Battery Drill. 3. Mortar Drill. 4. Heavy Artilleryman—Full Dress. 5. Light Batteryman—Summer Service Dress. 6. The Main Gate.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL FOOL."

HIS SOLILOQUY.

I WANT a bogus dollar, just based on mere pretence;
I hate the "gold-bug's" gold one that is worth a hundred cents;
For I'm a "Silver Beetle," as all the world can see,
And except my precious humbug, you will find no bugs on me.

I can give you learned statistics from Rome to Adam Smith,
And quite a miscellaneous lot of fallacies therewith,
To prove that all our troubles in panics new or old
Are but the rank production of a dollar made from gold.

I brook no British meddling with the "white" stuff that I laud,
For what care we for England or the folks who live "abroad"?
They tell us two and two make four, as sure as I'm alive,
And so to be "American" I vow that they make five.

Does anybody think the Yankee Nation cannot say
That anything's a dollar and make its value stay?
Should England ever dare to, by the Revolution's birth
We will suddenly "annex her" or "wipe her from the earth."

We need a pile of money, and it isn't England's right
To refuse the kind we offer. If she does I want to fight.
For if we Yankees legislate that water runs up hill,
In spite of all creation I will bet you that it will.

I know the silver bullion that the people had to buy,
Piled up, would make a monument broad-based and six miles high,
Besides the minted silver, which nobody takes away,
But we ought to keep on buying it in spite of what they say.

I don't care a continental for Wall Street or Grover C.,
For all the bloated "gold-bugs" are as mean as they can be;
So I've sent broadcast my pamphlet as a sort of "Summer School."
To show the folks the wisdom of "Coin's Financial Fool."

JOEL BENTON.

FREDERICK FUNSTON'S ALASKAN TRIP.

GENERALLY speaking, tales of travellers are not listened to by the world to-day. It is taken for granted that the best and the worst have already been told; it is accepted as an incontestable truth that mankind is the same the world over. Once in a while a young man or woman steals away from the crowd and walks a year or two with privation and death, and comes back with something worth the saving. Two years ago last March Mr. Frederick Funston left Washington, D.C., for Alaska. He had a commission from the Department of Agriculture to gather botanical specimens for the government along the Porcupine and Yukon rivers.

He returned to Washington the 15th of last November, having travelled in Alaska, during the eighteen months of his stay in the country, more miles than any other white man has ever travelled there. Nothing was said of his going, and no bugles were sounded upon his return. Yet for continued hardship, unceasing danger, and uninterrupted adventure, probably this trip has not

FUNSTON IN WINTER COSTUME.

been excelled by any other on the American continent in this century. The greater part of the journey was made alone, save for Indians and Eskimo hunters, and 1600 miles of it was made down the Porcupine and Yukon rivers alone in an open boat, with not even an Indian guide.

The journey began at Chilkoot Inlet, on the southern coast of Alaska, April 12, 1893, when Mr. Funston, with two white men who had never been in the country before, plunged inland with some Indian packers across the Coast Range of mountains at Chilkoot Pass. Here the party came to the frozen lakes that form the head-waters of the Yukon River. The provisions and such articles as comprised the "outfit" of the party were placed on two handsleds and dragged sixty-five miles to the head of Lake Marsh. Here trees were felled, and "whipsawed" into boards, from which a flat-bottomed boat eighteen feet long was made. Lake Marsh was still frozen when the boat was finished, and it was placed on sleds, rigged out with masts, and the twenty miles of Lake Marsh were covered in four hours. This brought the party to the head-waters of the Yukon. A twenty-five-mile journey by boat was made from there, including two days and a half carrying the boat and the provisions around White Horse Rapids. Where the river widens into Lake La Barge—the largest lake of the system—the sleds were again called into service, and as it was dead calm, the boat was dragged by hand

FUNSTON SAILING HIS BOAT ON RUNNERS OVER A FROZEN LAKE.

over the lake for thirty-two miles. At the foot of this lake the river opens, and the 500 miles to Forty-Mile Creek were traversed by boat in nine days. Mr. Funston remained at McQueston's Post, near Forty-Mile Creek, during the greater part of the summer. On the 25th of August he climbed into the boat alone, and left the post for the mouth of the Porcupine River, where it flows into the Yukon. He had with him enough provisions to last nine months; these, with his pluck and his rifle and his camera, completed his equipment. After drifting eleven days, he came to the junction of the Porcupine with the mighty Yukon, where he remained ten days with a missionary waiting for a party of Indians to come down the Porcupine River and return with supplies for a brother missionary further up the river, at Rampart House. Mr. Funston left the junction for Rampart House with the Indians September 11th. As the current of the Porcupine is swift, it was necessary to drag the boat the entire distance—200 miles—wading in the water, hitched to a harness like pack-animals. But even the harness was preferable to sitting in the boat in the cold with frozen clothes, and the last day of the thirteen days' trip to Rampart House was a happy one.

At Rampart House Funston made his winter quarters. The only white man there was an English missionary named Totty, and the nearest white neighbors were at Fort McPherson, on the McKenzie River, 200 miles to the eastward. As the winter became tiresome at Rampart House, Funston, with four Indians, started across country to Fort McPherson, to be neighborly. He took a load of provisions for the missionary at McPherson, and set out November 17th in the twilight of a long Alaskan night for the fort. He made the entire trip on snow-shoes, sleeping out-of-doors, with the thermometer ranging from thirty-one to sixty-two degrees below zero. His bill of fare was dried meat, tea, and tallow. The entire trip to Fort McPherson and return, including four days' stop at the fort to rest, was made in twenty-two days. During the last ten days of this trip the sun had entirely disappeared, and the journey was made in the dark. During the dead of winter he remained at Rampart House, but in the early dawn of the next day—on the 18th of March—his social instincts got the better of him again, and he started overland for the Arctic Ocean.

The Indians had brought word that a whaling fleet was wrecked in the ice near Herschel Island, and it was for this place that Funston started, with one Indian as a guide. He went 150 miles out of his way to join some Indians who were said to be going to the ships to sell meat. After nine days he came upon the band. Funston and the Indians found the fleet the last of March, having travelled together across the mountains and along the coast over 150 miles. Funston had travelled 300 miles to the fleet. It had not been wrecked, but was at anchor in the ice of the bay. There were seven steam-whalers—the *Newport*, the *Mary D. Hume*, the *Karluck*, the *Narwhal*, the *Balazna*, the *Grampus*, and the *Jeannette*. Naturally Mr. Funston's appearance precipitated a sensation. After a four days' rest the party started back. Funston arrived at Rampart House after an absence of thirty-nine days. He had in that time travelled 600 miles over country never before seen by a white man. This is the first record of a journey made by a white man from the interior of Alaska to the Arctic in an arctic winter.

As soon as the ice was out of the Porcupine, early in June, Mr. Funston left Rampart House, with one Indian, on his journey to its confluence with the Yukon, where he had left a boat the previous summer. July 3d, with not even the Indian guide, he left Fort Yukon alone in his little boat, and began the journey of 1100 miles to the sea. The entire summer of 1894 was spent on this trip, collecting botanical specimens along the shore. For days he did not see a human being; he talked to himself for a while in a half-mad fear that he might lose the use of his vocal organs. He reached an Eskimo village near the mouth of the Yukon August 10th, and boarded the steamboat *Arctic*, which took him to St. Michael's Island, from whence he returned to civilization on the revenue-cutter *Bear*.

Mr. Funston is a young man, a Kansan by birth and training. He was one of the few survivors of the party which made the government survey of the famous Death Valley in 1890. He was one of a very small party which made the first entrance into Yellowstone Park that year by what is known as the "back door"—that is to day, over the mountain range at the north and east of the park.

Personally he is the last man in the world whom the casual observer would pick out in a crowd for an explorer. He is neither nimble nor powerful. His capital is his courage, and no panic so far in his life has been able to drive it off the market.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE INCOME TAX.

A LOWERING sky and a sultry, sticky atmosphere did not discourage some two hundred persons from visiting the chamber of the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington on Monday, May 6th, to witness the reopening of the income-tax cases. The justices had reserved most of the spectators' seats on the left of the bench for members of their families and guests. The general public was admitted to the rest. But some of those who were most comfortably seated were able to see and hear least; for, contrary to the usual rule, late-comers were permitted to stand between the front seats and the rail, making ingress and egress doubly difficult, and completely shutting off the view of all behind them. This rare indulgence was granted only because of the popular interest in the litigation, which probably exceeds that felt in any case before the same court since the last legal-tender decision was rendered.

Inside the bar was a collection of notable figures and faces. Joseph Choate, with his clean-cut profile and impressive bearing; Attorney-General Olney, with his penetrating eyes and square, resolute jaw; Assistant Attorney-General Whitney, alert and full of motion; W. D. Guthrie, youthful of feature, pale, but self-contained and calm; Clarence Seward, between whom and President Lincoln's Premier the whispering spectators traced points of resemblance; ex-Secretary Bristow, whose merry eyes caught first the humorous aspect of every changing phase of the scene before him; Colonel William Jay, the marble bust of whose ancestor, the first Chief Justice, looked down on him from its bracket on the wall; Representative McMillan, of Tennessee, the putative author of the income tax; ex-Speaker Crisp, whose signature attested its passage through the House; Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, for whom even the sedate justices had a smile of recognition when their eyes met; Messrs. Shellabarger and Wilson, opposed in physical type, but always associated in work and name—these and several others would have been marked personalities in any group of men. Just outside of the rail, to the left, Postmaster-General Wilson and Secretary Morton were visible at various stages of the proceeding, while in the right-hand corner, half hidden behind the desk of the clerk, sat ex-Postmaster-General Dickinson, pointing out the celebrities to Richard Watson Gilder.

All eyes were fixed on the door of the retiring-room as the hands of the old-fashioned clock over the Chief Justice's seat pointed to high noon, and the rap of the clerk's gavel announced the advent of the court. The order of procession of the justices, as the court is now constituted, places Justice Jackson last in the line, and there was a general expression of relief as he emerged from the door looking somewhat thinner for his long illness, but proving by his presence that the purpose for which this uncommon array of counsel had been called together was to be carried out.

After certain routine business of the court had been performed, Messrs. Choate and Olney signified their agreement on an argument of ten hours' length, divided equally between the two sides. Mr. Guthrie then, as the representative of the counsel who had asked the court for a rehearing before a full bench, left his seat beside Mr. Choate, and facing the court from behind the reading-desk on which he had placed his manuscript notes, began his speech in a low clear voice, using little inflection by way of emphasis and still less gesture. Throughout his remarks it was obvious that he had in mind only Justice Jackson, who, taking the ninth seat in a court whose eight remaining members seemed hopelessly divided in opinion, was clothed for the time with the responsibility of sole arbiter. Mr. Guthrie's eyes now and then swept the court at length, but for the most part they were fastened upon its invalid member, who, in his turn, listened intently to every word.

The aim of the speaker's argument was to prove that in the minds of the framers of the Federal Constitution taxation and representation were inseparably united; that the idea of this union pervades the organic law; and that the Supreme Court, as the final exponent of the principles of the Constitution, must not permit considerations of technical precedent or temporary expediency to divert it from the plain question whether an income tax is not a tax of the class which the Constitution requires shall be apportioned among the States according to population.

Assistant Attorney-General Whitney was heard next in support of the tax. His argument was chiefly historical, taking the ground that the framers of the Constitution had in mind two classes of taxes—direct taxes, and duties, imposts, and excises. The former were levied by apportionment, the latter uniformly. The only safe rule, he contended, is to classify as indirect every tax which is not obviously direct, and an income tax at least is open to this doubt. Moreover, the government's present position having been upheld already by the Supreme Court, it becomes the duty of the court to stand by its own decision and to give stability to the law.

Mr. Whitney was still in the midst of his speech when the hour arrived for adjournment, and he waited till the following day to conclude it. Attorney-General Olney, who followed, laid the main stress of his speech upon the recent decision of the Supreme Court exempting income derived from rents from the operation of the law. He argued that when the rent of real estate was once in the pocket of the landlord it lost all relation to its source, and became mere personal property, like his money derived from other income-producers.

Mr. Choate did the summing up for the opponents of the tax, his speech carrying him over to the third day. The court took the briefs of counsel and reserved its decision.

THE HARNESS-MAN'S SHOP.

THE MOVING OF A MODERN CARAVAN.

BY ALBERT LEE; ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. A. ROGERS.

VERY few of the thousands of people who attend the circus in the comfortable and spacious amphitheatre of the Madison Square Garden realize or appreciate what a great undertaking it really is to furnish such an entertainment. The thoughtful spectators, no doubt, marvel at the army of performers and attendants, and at the vast aggregation of strange human beings and wild beasts gathered from all parts of the world. And if they think along a little further on the same line perhaps they wonder how it is all done, and how it is that these people and beasts have come together; but very few ever take thought of how it is that they all get away so quietly after the season is over.

The people who live in the country are far more likely to marvel at this latter feature, because they see the great caravan arrive one day, and they awake the next to see that it is gone. In the early morning they go down to what was an open field, with the daisies and dandelions adorning it, and behold, like magic, a canvas city. It seems to be fixed, to have become part of the landscape. There is a queer population, there are signs of an immense and peculiar activity, quite apart from any of the activities of the quiet town life. Crowds throng from all the country around. The air is full of shouts and cries, of strange noises, of music from many bands, and of the roars of fierce animals. A fairy lady in glittering tarlatan is balancing herself on a rope, and gliding up and down toward the sky, against which so many gay banners are tossing. But the next day the common is deserted, the magic city is gone, and there are no more signs of activity. The open stretch of grass is as it was the week before, except for the trampled sod and the ruined ring. The tents, the animals, the people have disappeared.

How is all this accomplished? How is all this moving done so quietly and so successfully? How are all these wanderings of the great caravan, its apparitions and its vanishings, arranged? The caravan itself is made up of four trains of twenty cars each. Its human population is no less than a thousand persons. There are hundreds of animals, wild and domestic; there are huge houses of canvas to be set up and taken down at every stop. Here is a mobilization like that of an army, only much more complex, because an army is made up of just four very simple elements, men, horses, guns, and baggage, while this show is made up of a score or more of very complex elements. Even the item men being divided into many distinct classes, each class requiring a distinct method of treatment. You cannot expect a high-caste Hindoo to eat and conduct himself like, or even to associate with, a low-caste Hindoo; nor can you expect a Cossack or a Bushman to be like either. And when you come to the animals and birds, the ostrich and the eagle, the jackal and the kangaroo, must be considered individually and not collectively.

Therefore it is just here that you begin to touch upon the problem which confronts the management of a great circus. And at first it seems that such a problem must be unsolvable, that many things after all must go by chance. But the fact is the problem is completely solved, and nothing, not even the breaking of a trace or the posting of a bill on a country road weeks before the circus comes, goes by chance. The great circus, like all the other great complex enterprises of modern civilization, is a perfectly ordered machine that goes as by clock-work. When one understands one ceases to marvel and begins to admire.

But let us take the organization of all this at the very beginning, and select as the most complex example of a modern caravan "the Greatest Show on Earth." The summer season has just closed, and the circus has returned to its winter quarters at Bridgeport, and the performers, who will not be needed again until the following spring, have been dismissed.

Immediately after the managers have got everything safely put away they set to work upon the route for the following year, for we will take up the machinery of motion first, leaving the circus itself until later. This machinery of motion is known as the "Advance." It makes out the route, and attends to the advertising and all the other preparations for the reception of the circus. In it 126 men are employed, men who do nothing but this work, and in doing it have their time filled all the year round.

The work of making out the route requires an immense amount of knowledge, experience, and foresight. The success of the whole year's venture depends upon the route. Therefore the organizers are gathering information daily from the newspapers as to the various sections of the country through which the circus intends, in a general way, to travel. There is a railway expert who has been with the show many years, and who is familiar with all the railways of the land, the stations along the lines, and the country around each station, down to the very smallest detail. He also knows the routes of all the other circuses during the past season, and is able to form a pretty good idea what their routes will be during the next season.

The actual route is not made up until late in the spring, but this information, of crop failures, of extensive business disasters, of great strikes or fires, of sections where there is unusual prosperity, of places where several circuses are to come before their own can possibly get there, is received and filed, and goes toward the making up of the final result. Of course a great factor is the knowledge of the capacities of railroads for carrying the circus, for a circus route means a stopping-place every week-day while the circus is out. It also means that there shall be as few unprofitable stops as possible, and that the larger towns and cities shall always be reached on Monday. The managers know pretty well in advance whether they will lose money in a town or not. They cannot give more than a certain number of performances in any one place, so they have to stop at many places where they cannot possibly get enough spectators to pay their expenses. Often they deliberately arrange to show for a whole week in places in each of which they will spend more money than they will take in, but they must show every day, because their expenses are just the same whether they take in any money or not, and it is better to take in only a little than to take in nothing at all.

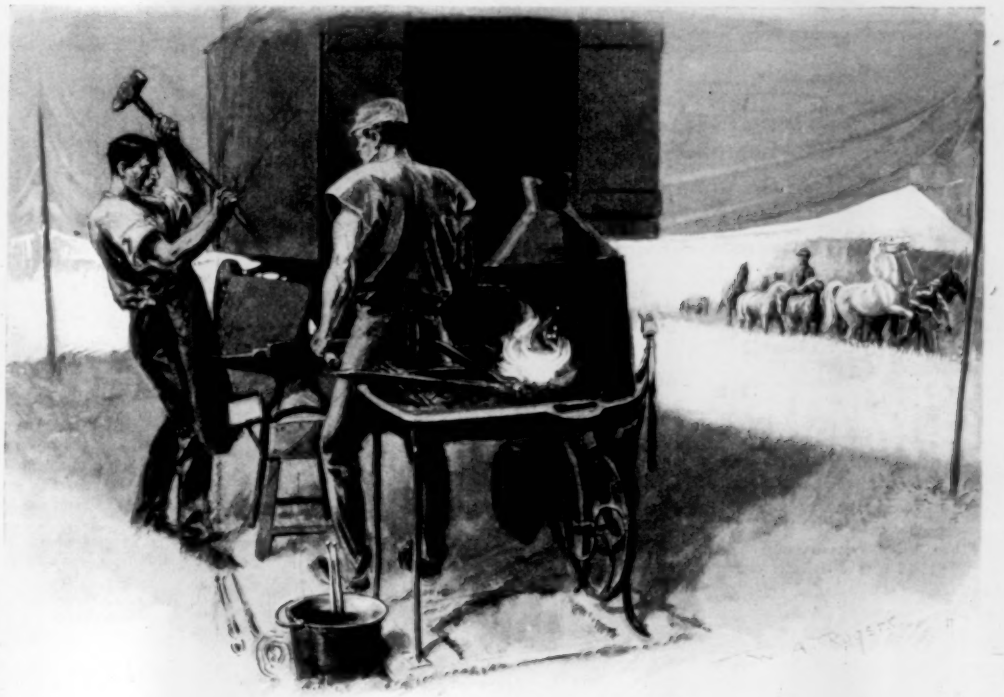
As an illustration of the kind of knowledge necessary, it may be said that one cannot tell by the population of a place whether it will be a good circus town or not. For instance, Maryville, Missouri, has only 4000 inhabitants, but the circus pays there because there are 80,000 people in the county of which it is the seat. Again, although there are four times that many people in St. Louis, and ten times that many within easy reach of it, the circus loses money there every day after the first two.

The route card shows, for the information of only a few of the most trusted employés, the date and day of the week, the place, the distance to be travelled in reaching that place from the last show town just before, and the railroads over which the circus will pass. The circus has its own cars, and each railroad supplies it with motive power and guarantees a clear road during those early morning hours when the caravan needs to be speeding from one town to another. Here, again, knowledge comes in, for it must be known just how far a railroad is able to carry those four trains in a night. If the route calls for a journey of 150 miles, and the slow railroad could take the circus only 75 miles, the next day's programme, of course, would be disarranged, if not wholly spoilt.

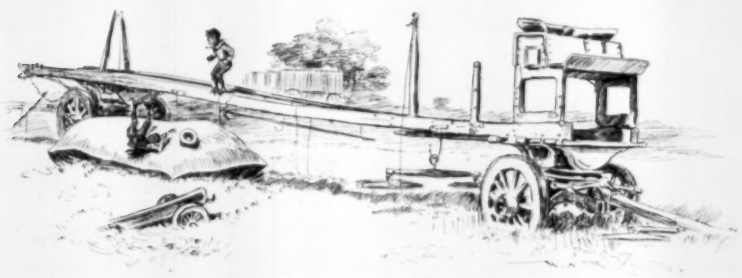
Mr. James A. Bailey, who owns an equal interest with the Barnum estate in the "Greatest Show on Earth," is now at the head of the entire management of the circus, and he attends to every little detail in person. He is always with the show. It is his office, and he is there daily, even while on the road, to attend to his business. His office consists of a large arm-chair, with boxes under each arm and an extension that comes around in front like a desk. In these boxes there are telegraph blanks and writing-paper and envelopes for his use, and books giving the names and addresses of all the agents in advance of the show and of all the representatives in foreign countries. In this chair Mr. Bailey receives the reports of his subordinates and gives his instructions to his men. If a horse loses a shoe, the man in charge of that horse comes to Mr. Bailey and reports. If a wagon is scratched, the driver appears at the chair and takes his instructions as to what shall be done about it. Mr. Bailey knows where every one of his agents is, or ought to be, in every part of the world. Frequently he telegraphs to a man at the foreign city where he should be on that day, and if the agent isn't there the telegram is returned. Then Mr. Bailey finds out why the man wasn't where he should have been. In this way he keeps track of every one in his employ.

When he has taken into account, early in the spring, everything that his long experience and the long experience of his men have taught him, leaving nothing but the weather to chance, and has completed the work of laying out the route, he turns this over to the individual known as the Railway Contractor. This man has two things to do. He has to make contracts for the transportation of the circus itself, and arrangements for excursions for the benefit of the country people who desire to come into town to see the show. He has to be careful in contracting, because if he has to arrange to carry the caravan from one main line to another over a branch on which the circus wishes to make one stop he must guard against making the main-line contracts first. If he did, the management of the branch line would give the show a "squeeze," knowing that transportation over this line was an absolute necessity. In arranging excursions the Railway Contractor has been assisted beforehand by the general lay-out of the route, the towns having been selected with a view to the railroads that centre there or pass near by. The contractor supplies all railroads with excursion tickets, and the settlement is made afterwards. He also contracts for the transportation of the several advertising cars.

This man goes nearly three months in advance of the show. Six weeks in advance of the caravan comes the Contracting Agent. He stops only one day in each place, and is therefore an exceedingly busy person. He makes all the local contracts for hay and oats and corn and straw, and for livery for the advertising men who will come after him. He rents the exhibition-grounds, and gets the Mayor's license. He secures space for posting bills, and makes contracts with the hotel people. When he has finished he rolls up his bundle of contracts and mails them back to Advertising Car No. 2. Then he goes on to the next town.



THE BLACKSMITH.



THE MAIN TENT-POLE WAGON.

WASH-UP.

Car No. 2 is thirty days ahead of the show, and on board of it is the General Agent. All these advertising cars are gorgeously painted in red and gold, so that everybody knows that the circus is coming. One day before arriving at each town the General Agent telegraphs to the livery-man with whom the Contracting Agent has made arrangements, and whose contract has already been sent by mail and received by the General Agent in Car No. 2, ordering him to send so many double teams to the railroad station at six o'clock the next morning. At half past four o'clock in the morning, as the car is hurrying along toward the next show town, the bill-posters on board of it get up and make their paste. On reaching the town they hasten to a hotel and get their breakfast, which has already been contracted for, and return as soon as possible to the car, where the teams are in waiting. They put on their overalls, and two men get into each wagon. They take with them a fixed number of posters, and on their return they must account for every one. Their routes have already been laid out for them, and they usually cover from thirty-five to fifty miles of country roads. Each wagon leaves town by a different road and makes a sweep through the neighborhood, returning by another road, so that at the end of the day the fences roundabout are pretty well covered with printed matter. If it is necessary at any point to pay for the privilege of posting bills, the bill-posters give vouchers for the privilege, and these vouchers are redeemed by tickets when the circus comes to town. Nothing is ever paid for in cash. All payments are made in checks, and the stubs are sent back to the Treasurer, who travels with the show.

Car No. 3 is fourteen days ahead of the show, and carries the lithographs. The same contracts for hotels and livery have been made for the lithograph posters, and they go over the same country roads that were followed by the bill-posters, except that they start in at the end of the road where the bill-posters left off. The object of this is to get posters and lithographs the whole length of these roads, for it sometimes happens that the bill-posters have such long distances to cover that they run short of material. The men in Car No. 3 also distribute lithographs in the shop windows, and give orders for tickets in exchange for these favors. They usually put up from 300 to 500 such bills.

THE KITCHEN.

Car No. 4 is seven days in advance of the caravan. The men on this car do little work in the towns, but cover the country roads again, and put up lithographs where the rain or weather may have destroyed the work of their predecessors. The agent on this car sees that the railroad excursions have all been attended to, and in some cases this keeps him very busy, especially in large towns. At Toledo, for instance, there are nineteen railroads coming into the city. Every station along these nineteen railroads must be provided with lithographs and advertisements of the fact that excursions will be run for the benefit of those who desire to see the circus. Therefore, the men on Car No. 4 start out early in the morning on accommodation trains and stop at every station along these railroads. They frequently travel as far as fifty or seventy-five miles from the central town. As in the case of their predecessors, all their reports and stubs are sent back to the Treasurer.

The advertising cars never miss a day. They are always on time. They *have* to get there. If there is a blockade, or an accident, or a bridge down, or a landslide, the man in charge of the car must get to the town where he is due the best way he can, even if he has to make a roundabout journey of a hundred miles. He can pay for the extra expense with his check-book, and none of these checks is ever dishonored.

DRIVING A SPIKE.

Car No. 1 is called the skirmishing car. It has no regular route, and does not have to be anywhere on any special day. On board of it is the Special Contracting Agent with a few able assistants. Sometimes they are three months ahead of the show, and sometimes they are only twenty-four hours ahead. If they see in the newspapers that some circus is to perform in the same place on the same day, or a few days previous to their own appearance in that town, they hasten to the locality and bill the town in every available spot. They put up big signs telling the people to wait for the "Greatest Show on Earth," and the advantage of this is obvious, for the majority of country people who can only go to one circus are willing to wait a few days longer for what they think will be the best. Sometimes this car makes a jump of fifteen hundred miles. The agent reports to Mr. Bailey by telegraph every day, and frequently gets important instructions from headquarters. The importance of the skirmishing car is shown in the case of a disaster such as that which occurred at Johnstown several years ago. If the circus had been billed to appear there several days after the flood, it would, of course, have been impossible to give any performance in the devastated region. The skirmishing car would have hurried back to the town where the circus was to appear just before going to Johnstown, and from that as a central place would have laid out a new route covering the time that otherwise would have been lost to the circus.

Travelling three days ahead of the show there are two men known as "Outriders." They have a list of all the checks and stubs that have been sent back from the various advertising cars, and they act as inspectors. They examine all the work and see that it has been correctly done. They see that the town has been well billed and they drive around through one or more of the country road circuits to see that the bill-posters and lithograph-posters have not shirked their work. If they find that there has been any shirking, they report to headquarters, and Mr. Bailey soon calls the delinquents to account. The Outriders also have a list of the shops where the proprietors have agreed to expose lithographs. They go about the streets, and if they don't see a lithograph in a window where it ought to be they write N. G. after this man's name, and when he applies for his tickets on circus day he meets with a prompt refusal. All their reports are, like the others, sent by mail back to headquarters.

In addition to the Outriders, also three days in advance, is a man who attends to all the purchases of feed. He buys fish for the seals, meat for the animals, milk, bread, and vegetables for the performers and laborers, and sees that the contracts of a like nature that have been made by the agents ahead of him are ready to be carried out. He also contracts for enough sawdust to cover the ring.

One day in advance of the show come two men who are known as "Layers-out." They have wide experience in the management of circus people, and they carry with them a list of all the performers, with a statement of their relative rank on the salary list. They know which ones should go to the best hotels and which to the next best. They know where to put the married couples and where to place the bachelors. They thoroughly understand the ethnological question, and they don't put a high-caste Hindoo with a low-caste Hindoo or a Malay. All the performers go to hotels for their meals, as a rule, except the canvas-men, who eat on the grounds; but the arrangements for meals have recently been so much improved that the management finds now that the performers also are beginning to prefer to eat on the grounds. The Layers-out also see that the hay contracts and grain contracts will be filled.

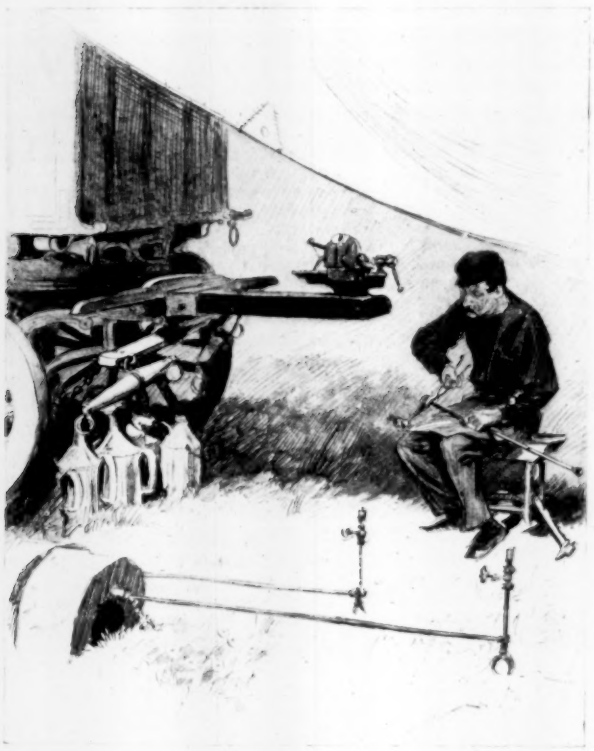
The Boss Canvas-man also travels one day in advance of the circus. He is practically a surveyor. He goes over the ground where the tents are to be erected and sees that everything is all right. Eight acres are usually necessary, but the canvases can be put up on six acres. The Boss Canvas-man knows just what combinations of tents to arrange on a square lot, or a three-cornered lot, or any kind of a crooked lot. He carries with him a lot of iron stakes about three feet long, and, as he paces off the field, he stakes out the locality of each tent. The spikes for the main tent are decorated with red ribbons, for the horse tent they have blue ribbons, for the animal tent, green ribbons, and so on.

Therefore, people who wander out from the town to look at the field where the circus is going to be, frequently see the night before the circus comes, a lot of little stakes with red and blue ribbons sticking up out of the ground. But there is a watchman there to keep the boys from disturbing the Boss Canvas-man's work.

The first train to arrive in town on the day that the circus is to perform is the canvas train. It carries all the tents loaded in wagons. These wagons are run off the cars, the horses are hitched to them, and they go out to the grounds. There the men unload the canvas, and start in to put up the tents. These laborers are called "razor-backs," because after they have bent over the great rolls of canvas in order to lift them they shout, "Raise your

ARRIVING IN A CITY—DETRAINING THE TENT-WAGONS IN THE EARLY MORNING.

backs!" This work is begun at five o'clock in the morning. The first tent to go up is the cook tent, and then the mess tent, which is a very large affair. There are fifty-five waiters, and they set to work fixing the tables and laying out the dishes. The firemen get the ranges going, and put up iron supports from which are swung great kettles to heat water and make coffee. The ranges are in a wagon twenty feet long, which can be opened on all sides, so that the



THE GAS-FITTER.

cooks have plenty of air. There are also sunken dishes surrounded by hot water, on tables made for the purpose, to keep the breakfast warm. While this meal is being prepared the canvas-men are putting up the other tents. It takes them about an hour and three-quarters to do this. Breakfast is served from six to eight o'clock, and the canvas-men get theirs as soon as they are through with their work. The second train to arrive brings the menagerie. The tents are all ready for the cages, which are rolled into position as fast as they can be unloaded. The elephants are used to push the wagons about, and come on the same train. It is said that everything is so carefully arranged that the cages don't vary six inches in their relative positions under the tents in any town for the whole season.

The third train brings the seats for the arena and the gilded wagons for the parade. The fourth train is made up of sleeping-cars, and carries the performers. They go to a hotel for their breakfast if they choose, or they can take their breakfast in the mess tent. Then they prepare for the parade, in which every one takes part except the canvas-men.

At half past eleven luncheon is served for everybody connected with the show, and the doors are opened to the public an hour later. The performance begins at two and lasts a couple of hours. During the performance the cooks are at work preparing dinner, which is served at half past four. The evening performance begins at eight. While the audience is looking at what is going on in the ring at the evening performance, the canvas-men are taking down the tents which are not in use and loading them on the train, so that by the time the show is over there is only one tent left standing. As each number on the programme is finished, the animals, or properties, or whatever it may be, are taken to the trains and put where they belong, so that an hour after the last number the whole caravan is ready to start. Everything has its place on board the cars, which are made at the circus's car-shops in Bridgeport. Every animal has its own particular stall, and is always cared for by the same attendant.

Mr. Bailey's car is attached to the fourth train, and is a very sumptuous affair. It is No. 50 of the circus train. It is said to be one of the finest private cars in the country. There are a bath-room and a piano, and everything that is necessary for comfort.

There are fifteen tents that go to make up the great canvas city. There are the main tent, two horse tents, one wheelwright's tent, two blacksmiths' tents, one barber tent, one menagerie tent, one side-show tent, one dressing tent, one cook tent, one dining tent, one cooks'-galley tent, one band's dressing-room tent, one lunch tent, and one tent for costumes.

No peddlers are allowed upon the circus grounds at any town. There are special detectives that travel with the show, and they send circulars to the chief of police at each place where they intend to stop two days beforehand. If a man follows the circus for two days he is arrested as a suspicious character.

If by any accident the great circus is delayed a day at a town it usually eats the people out of house and home, as there are over a thousand human beings to be fed. But, of course, this would be an accident. Otherwise the advent of the circus is a very good thing in a business way for any town. It practically leaves all the money that it earns there, with the exception, of course, of the profits, for it not only spends thousands of dollars for its own provisions and other things, but the hundreds of people from the country who come into the town spend fully as much more. Between March 15th and November 1st the circus visits 190 towns, at all but eight of which they stop only one night. The caravan travels from Quebec to San Antonio, and as far west as Omaha. The same packing and unpacking of tents and baggage are gone through with whether the distance to be travelled is only ten miles, as it is from Minneapolis to St. Paul, or 150 miles, as it frequently is in the Western country.

Next to Mr. Bailey, the Treasurer of the circus is the busiest man of the whole combination. He attends to all the financial matters, and pays all salaries, and does all the banking business in every town where the circus performs. There is deposited in New York $50,000 as a fund, which is not to be drawn on except in case of necessity. If the show loses money the Treasurer draws on this $50,000; but as soon as the circus reaches a country where profits begin to accrue again, he pays in the deficit to the fund, and then goes ahead with a separate account for the accumulated gains. When the profits reach $20,000, two checks of $10,000 each are drawn; one goes to Mr. Bailey, and the other to the Barnum estate. The profits are not allowed to accumulate. The circus business is done on a cash basis.

CANVAS FEED-TROUGH.

AT FORT ADAMS.

BRENTONS POINT is the sharp rocky peninsula which separates the southern bight (Brentons Cove) of the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island, from the main channel of Narragansett Bay. As one sails past it he notes that its extremity is covered by the massive gray walls of an immense fortress pierced with three tiers of ports, and its higher part is crowned by batteries over which peer the muzzles of mighty cannon.

This is Fort Adams, the most scientific and perhaps the most effective and important stronghold outside of New York Harbor.

Brentons Point has had a very interesting history. It was given by the colonists, in 1638, to William Brenton, a very wealthy West Indian Quaker, who cleared a wide space in the forest on the highest ridge, and established there a homestead, named "Hammersmith," which was no mean forerunner of the splendid mansions that now crown the surrounding heights. The house was 150 feet square, constructed in the best and most stylish manner, luxuriously furnished, and surrounded by parks and gardens, with terraces, lakelets, cascades, ornamental plantations, and parterres of flowers. Its owner died in 1674, and was buried there; but its site is now called Redoubt Hill, and the most formidable outwork of the fortress replaces the peaceful Quaker's hearth. The Point begins to appear in military history when, in 1776, a British fleet held these waters as a base of operations against the American rebels. On April 6th the English Admiral heard of the Yankee Admiral Hopkins's successful descent upon the Bermudas, and put to sea in chase of him, leaving a frigate and two or three smaller war-vessels in the harbor in charge of two prizes. On the very first night after the departure the Newport men came over to Brentons Point, threw up a hasty earth-work, dragged into it several heavy guns, and with the aid of a shore battery on North Point drove all the British ships away, and recaptured the prizes. This accomplished, the battery was strengthened, and others were erected upon various islands; yet the British fleet came back, sneaked up the West Passage, landed far above, and recaptured the city. They maintained the defences; but a year later D'Estaing ran by them all, and compelled a second and final evacuation of Narragansett Bay. The French engineers soon improved all the fortifications, and especially perfected the earth-works on Brentons Point; but no enemy appeared.

War with France seemed inevitable in 1793, and haste was made to put Newport in a state of defence. The task was intrusted to a French-American military engineer, Major Louis Toussard, who proceeded to reconstruct and enlarge the forts upon the various islands, the remains of which, more or less dilapidated, still form picturesque features in the scenery of the harbor. At Brentons Point Toussard replaced D'Estaing's earthworks (a simple lunette battery for twelve-pounders) by "an enclosed indented work of masonry," mounting twelve guns and having quarters for one company, supplemented by an outer work commanding the Cove.

In view of this modest size, and the condemnation which speedily followed, it is difficult to understand the fervor of the glorification when, on the 4th of July, 1799, the still uncomplete work was dedicated. There were processions and banquets and salvos of artillery and oratory, and special permission from the President of the United States to name it after himself. So Toussard bestowed the name *Fort Adams*, and carved under it the enigmatic motto: "The Rock on which the Storm shall Beat."

The war of 1812 left a conviction in the minds of the whole people that something really important must be done towards coast defence. A board of engineers reported, in 1820, that Fort Adams must give place to a fortress capable of resisting an attack by land as well as by sea until it could be relieved. No spot along the whole coast was regarded as so important for defence as a base of naval operation and supply, or as a port of refuge for commerce, and every contingency of international warfare must be provided against.

In this large spirit the work of clearing away Toussard's irregular and curious "rock on which the storm shall beat" was begun in 1824, and new and vastly broader foundations were laid. The plans were by Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Totten, who personally superintended the construction until he was made Chief of Engineers in 1838; and nearly every young engineer officer of that period assisted him in turn, so that the building of the fort was a sort of school of application for the whole corps.

The main gate is on the landward side, where the little steamer that makes hourly trips to and from Newport lands her passengers. The entrance is by a sloping zigzag passage around a redan where one would be exposed to concealed marksmen from half a dozen ways at once, then through a tunnel-like portal through the ramparts; and so he is admitted to the parade within the main fort —a grassy flat of perhaps ten acres.

All the way around its interior are casemates, those on the sea front filled with guns, while those in the south and west walls are occupied by the soldiers of the garrison, and by one subaltern officer.

The guns on the seaward side form a full battery of Rodmans and Parrotts, of 8 to 13 inches calibre, useful for saluting, and the smaller ones rifled, but of small service against such heavily armored and swift vessels as constitute modern navies. Nor would these casemates afford much protection against the projectiles existing ships can throw. But they were good against wooden ships and the armament of their day; and their huge black forms appear far more grand and warlike, as we gaze down the shadowy corridor of arches, than do the slender tubes and bright mechanism of the newer rifles, to which poetry, romance, and art as yet owe no allegiance. On moonlight nights exquisite pictures are found along these old walls and casemates.

Stairways ingeniously inserted into the walls lead up to the broad ramparts, where there are fixtures for guns in barbette. The armament of this fort, which was designed to mount about five hundred guns, was left to be supplied when need seemed imminent; and this was probably a wise economy, considering the steady improvement in ordnance. Near the main gate has just been constructed a protected chamber where all the wires to the submarine mines in the channel and harbor will be assembled, with the various electrical devices for exploding stationary torpedoes.

A small southern sally-port leads out into a dry ditch through a tunnel that one Gatling gun might keep clear of foes as long as anybody could pump the cartridges out of it. A deep grassy cavity extends between towering walls completely across the southern face, curtained at each end, and commanded, as elsewhere, by the loopholes of masked galleries on all sides. The outer wall of the ditch is the inner face (counterscarp) of a crown-work whose top, where cannon may be mounted, is as high as the main parapet; and this is defended outwardly by a second ditch and further outworks, flanked by embrasures for howitzers and many rifle-pits.

The guns of all this southern aspect of the works sweep a broad treeless plain sloping gently down to Brentons Cove, and affording no shelter; but even if an approaching foe obtained a foothold upon it, and held his position long enough to throw up intrenchments, these would be of little service, for all that plain is underlaid with tunnels in which mines can be laid and exploded at will, or whence new mines could rapidly be extended wherever desirable.

These subterranean passages are now known only to the authorities, and their entrances are stopped up; but when the fort was building, visitors used to wander into them at will, sometimes with dire results. Mason, in his recent *Reminiscences*, recounts the adventure of one party which undertook an exploration by the light of a single candle. Suddenly there was a shriek, the disappearance of a lady of the party, and agonized cries from somewhere below. In the confusion of the moment the candle-flame was extinguished; but one of the men, feeling the edge of a precipice just at his feet, sprang off into the blackness, ignorant where he would land. It proved to be in a deep hole half filled with water, but he was able to seize the nearly drowned girl and to cling to the rocks until lights and ropes could be brought and the bruised pair drawn out of the horrible pit.

This broad grassy slope of fifteen or twenty acres is now the common lawn of the houses of the officers of the garrison, whose front windows look across the beautiful harbor to the jolly old town. Here the light batteries drill with rattle and dash every morning; and hither twice a week, on "Fort days," the carriage people of Newport turn from the Ocean Drive and pause to listen to the playing of the regimental band, and perhaps drink a cup of tea with the commandant. The officers put on their best coats, and mesdames, *their* officers, their freshest gowns, and the picture in this martial frame is a very pretty and peaceful one until the sunset gun booms out, and the bugles ring, and the soldiers, rising and straightening their shoulders, lift their caps as the colors flutter down.

It would be a great pity to have that beautiful lawn ploughed by shot and shell, and ridged by a besieger's intrenchments, or tumbled into the crater of a dynamite volcano. But before that can happen an enemy must have done some very serious work. He might, perhaps, with modern ships and weapons, dismount or silence that row of great guns along the seaward verge of the peninsula above the fort, the smallest of which are eight-inch rifles, but even then he would hardly try to storm that steep and lofty front, enfiladed by a bastion and crowned with riflemen. He might possess Newport, and be able, under cover of his batteries, to land troops from the Cove without serious opposition by infantry; but they would melt to nothing under the cross-fire from the fort and the redoubt.

The redoubt is the outermost work of all, defending the fortress against a landward attack upon the summit of the eminence where, two centuries and more ago, old Brenton built his villa. It is a small citadel—a closed circle of casemates pivoted upon a marvellous newel staircase, and surrounded by a deep ditch which is commanded from various points and enfiladed by interior galleries. Its guns have a clear fire in all directions, and its walls are sunken within the ground, and so shielded by lunettes and all the other devices of the military engineer that it is hard to see how anything short of dropping into it shells of dynamite and bursting it to pieces could effect its capture.

Once taken, its possession would mean little more for the attacker than that he now had access to the plain, and could stop the guns of the sea-fronting battery or caponnière, already spoken of, connecting the fort with the redoubt. Then must follow the frightful massing and advance of columns on the open approach, exposed from the start to the fire of a hundred or more cannons and machine-guns and ten times as many repeating-rifles. To be sure, the enemy could bring his own guns to bear from the captured redoubt, and should he finally capture the outer works and try to follow the garrison into the crown-work or into the main fort behind it, the imagination hesitates to depict the carnage that must ensue. In those deep ditches and sally-ports one shielded Gatling or rapid-fire gun could beat down the men crowding into the narrow thoroughfare until it would be choked with the heaps of the slain.

Add to the armament of a stronghold like this, which exemplifies the highest science in defensive fortification, modern machine-guns and repeating-rifles, and the place becomes practically impregnable.

The flippant opinion is often expressed that these old forts are worthless — would be knocked to pieces in no time by the projectiles of modern gunnery. This is not true in any proper sense of the larger and better examples along our coast, such as Fort Monroe, Fort Wadsworth, or this one. Fort Adams, indeed, is highly valued, and is peculiar in being almost the only land as well as water fortification. If a fortress to serve its purpose were to be built now, doubtless it would be placed nearer the entrance of the bay, probably at the southern extremity of Conanicut Island, where the government owns several acres of land, and where it is thought strong works must ultimately be erected. But even in that case Fort Adams would certainly be made strong, and form a magazine of ammunition, supplies, hospitals, etc., and the rendezvous and point of final resistance of the defending army and navy, and thus it would serve an exceedingly important and probably vital function in a war with a foreign power.

At present Fort Adams is the headquarters of the Second Artillery, three "heavy" companies and the two light batteries constituting the garrison. The officers find it one of the most desirable stations, except that the quarters are in a bad condition. Although living expenses are very high the climate is enjoyable all the year round, and the social and educational opportunities of Newport are highly appreciated.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

JOHN B. HARLOW.

THE records of the Post-office Department during the administration of President Harrison show that, of all the post-offices in the United States, the one at St. Louis transacted the largest volume of business at the smallest cost. It was regarded by postal experts as the model American office, and its fame spread so far across the water that visitors from Europe interested in post-office administration always made a point of going to St. Louis and looking into the methods pursued there.

The postmaster who made this remarkable record was Major John B. Harlow, a veteran Union soldier, who at the close of hostilities had entered the postal service as a clerk, and been steadily promoted through all the railway-mail and office grades, from the bottom to the top. President Harrison found him acting as superintendent of mails, and appointed him postmaster in the face of very vigorous protests, and even threats, from the spoilsmen of his party. The appointment was hailed by good citizens on all sides, however, as the best earnest Mr. Harrison had given of his belief in genuine civil service reform.

It was on the strength of the splendid showing made during thirty years of public work as subordinate and chief that President Cleveland chose Major Harlow, without that gentleman's solicitation or even knowledge, for the Republican member of the Civil Service Commission under the recent reorganization. The principal work of the commission has been, ever since the incoming of the present Cleveland administration, and is likely to be for some years more, the adjustment of the free-delivery post-offices to the non-partisan basis upon which their management was placed by the extension of the civil service rules to cover them. The friction which must necessarily occur in such a process can be reduced to a minimum only by having the postal authorities understand the civil service law, and the Civil Service Commission understand the details of postal administration. It seemed to President Cleveland that a long step would be taken toward a friendly co-operation between the two forces by placing upon the commission a thoroughly trained postal servant.

But Major Harlow's claims to eminence do not rest upon his business record alone. He also made a record of the best sort as a civil service reformer. He refused to let politics have anything whatever to do with the administration of his office. So exceptional was his conduct in this regard, and so well established his reputation, that when attempts have been made to restore to the roll subordinates who were dismissed at his instance, the authorities at the Post-office Department have simply refused to reopen the cases, because if Postmaster Harlow requested a dismissal the proofs against the accused must have been indubitable.

Major Harlow is fifty-one years old, and a native of New York State, having removed to the West with his parents during his boyhood. He is married, and has three children. Since he retired from the postmastership he has been employed as a purchasing agent of the Bell Telephone Company in St. Louis.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IN order to satisfy the demands of the Philadelphians for equal opportunities to contemplate the big statue of William Penn on the top of the City Hall tower, it is proposed that the statue shall revolve upon its pedestal. The statue now faces the north, and South Philadelphia sees only Penn's back, and is dissatisfied with its view. It is believed that if the statue made one revolution a day all parts of the city would have a fair view, and contentment would result. Perhaps half-a revolution daily would serve better, for then no part of the town could complain that Penn turned his back on it by day and only faced it by night. Judging by the interest taken in New York in the *Herald* clock, the plan is one that will meet with popular favor. In an energetic town like Philadelphia a statue that is "on the move" is certainly more in harmony with the spirit of the place than one that stands in stagnant indolence. Should the innovation be carried out and please the people, it may be the beginning of a movement to make statues everywhere a source of more innocent gratification to beholders than they are at present. New York would not be behind in such movement. If Diana could be taught to do a skirt dance at noon on her lofty perch on the Madison Square tower, it would please the people uncommonly; and the bronze effigy of Mr. Dodge in Herald Square would undoubtedly be more admired than now, and better able to compete with its neighbors of the clock, if it turned handsprings at stated intervals during the afternoon. Engineer Wilson, of Philadelphia, says there will be no great difficulty in making the Penn statue go round, and the members of the Engineers' Club, to whom he explained his plan, are understood to have petitioned the Common Council of Philadelphia to have it carried out.

A monument of an unusual sort is to be unveiled on Decoration day at Ashtabula, Ohio. It commemorates the unrecognized dead who were buried in Chestnut Grove Cemetery at Ashtabula after the Ashtabula Bridge disaster. On the invitation to the dedication the names of the committee are printed, and after them this quoted line, "After four years of constant toil we have accomplished our undertaking." The monument is an obelisk of Vermont granite, eight feet square at the base and thirty-two feet high. Its erection seems worthy of remark. It marks the graves of unknown travellers, whose only claim upon the people who have now remembered them was that they were killed near by in a railroad accident. To get it built has evidently been a laborious undertaking, which has cost a number of disinterested people much time and trouble. It was not put up while the memory of the accident was still fresh, but years afterward. It stands for more than the grave of unknown dead who died at Ashtabula, for it attests the strength of a certain sentiment of hospitality in the living who live there. Those dead were strangers. Ashtabula took them in. They died. It buried them. Now, after many years, it places a stone over their

graves. Evidently there are other sentiments to be reckoned with in some parts of Ohio than the desire for office and the greed for gain.

Will Carleton has been engaged to deliver the poem on Memorial Day at the National Cemetery of Arlington, near Washington. It is the third time he has had that honor.

We are used to thinking of the Japanese and Chinese as tea-drinking people, and used to reading of their tea-houses, but not so used to appreciate the powers of our cousins the British as consumers of tea. They not only drink it for breakfast far more commonly than we do, but the habit of five-o'clock tea is so generally prevalent among them that in London at least provision is made for it in public tea-rooms, which greatly abound already in the West End, and are growing in number. There may be such places of refreshment in New York, but they are certainly not a feature of the town, as they are in London. Yet tea is almost the best and most refreshing of afternoon beverages, and if it were more readily procurable it would seem as if it might win a remunerative hold upon the favor of the Americans. The way to get a cup of afternoon tea in New York is to call at some house where it is habitually given. But sometimes the thirst for the tea and the desire to make a call are not contemporaneous. To buy a cup of tea is inconvenient. It can be done at a club. It is done in the clubs occasionally, and it is not an absolute novelty to see a man who thinks his reputation can stand it pouring himself a cup of tea from a specially ordered pot as he sits among his alcoholic fellows at the cocktail hour. A cup of tea is ordinarily a much better thing to drink two hours before dinner than a cocktail. It does not necessarily follow that it would be so easy a thing to sell, but the fact that it deserves to be bought and the fact that tea-rooms are common and successful in London would seem to justify some enterprising person in making an experiment with them in New York.

If there is any adult American who does not know Charles Couldock, it must be a resident of some very remote place, or a person reared with more than ordinary success in the belief that play-going is a sinful pastime. For fifty-eight years Mr. Couldock has been on the stage, and for a very large portion of that time he has been a highly capable and popular actor. He has been fellow-player with John Vandenhoff, Lester Wallack, William Davidge, William Macready, Madame Vestris, Charles Kean, Charlotte Cushman, Madame Celeste, Jefferson, Blake, Sothern, Levick, John Owens, and Laura Keene. For five years he played Dunstan Kirke in *Hazel Kirke*, and that not so long ago but that thousands of the readers of the WEEKLY will remember him in that part. Now, when at the full age of four-score Mr. Couldock retires from the active practice of his profession, he is still a good actor, and still, as he deserves to be, a very popular and much-respected man. The benefit performance of *The Rivals*, which will be given for him at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on May 31st, should yield him something like $5000 in money, besides the natural gratification he will receive from such an honorable attestation of the affection and esteem in which he is held.

A Paris correspondent of the WEEKLY speaks of the hospitality of the Parisians of the hour to foreign talent and foreign ideas. Paris has a name for it, of course, and calls it "exotism." It appeared in the remark of a polite young Frenchman, to whom an American lady spoke of a certain likeness between Paris and New York, suggesting that it was possibly because the United States had copied France. "No," he said; "Paris is becoming Americanized. We are adopting American customs, American ideas, American ways of living, more and more." No doubt he expressed more courtesy than conviction. One is bound to hope so, for if Paris should become Americanized, where will the good Americans go when they die, or even sooner?

This correspondent finds other proofs of "exotism" in the performance of the Wagner operas and Ibsen's *Dolls' House*, and in Bernhardt's appearance in Tuderman's *Magda*. Still another minor sign of the same tendency appears in the distinctions accorded to American artists. Alexander Harrison, who has three pictures in the *Société Internationale* exhibition, is much talked of and praised; Whistler, who is a sort of American, naturally excited much interest at the same exhibition; and the Parisian mind has been impressed by the honors paid to John La Farge. Another reminder of the transatlantic republic, if not of "exotism," appears in the portrait of Mrs. Brice and her two daughters, by Carolus Duran, which occupies the place of honor at the exhibition of the Boissy d'Enclos.

"Exotism" is good policy for Paris. There is no danger of her ceasing to be essentially French, and she has more to gain than to lose by the growth of the cosmopolitan spirit.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society reminds its friends that it is much in need of reading matter to use in its work. It asks for books, old or new magazines, and weekly papers, and especially for French or German publications, the demand for which is always far ahead of the supply. Its office is now in the United Charities Building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, and gifts should be sent there.

Some unscrupulous person seems to have been imposing upon the credulity of Eugene Field, of Chicago, who has recently printed in the Chicago *Record* several tales of exceptional fabulousness about the behavior of well-known gentlemen in New York. Mr. Field is a sincere man with a trustful nature. It is wrong to deceive any one, but especially cruel to deceive a man whose ink flows as freely as his, and who is so liable as he to furnish documentary evidence of being taken in.

E. S. MARTIN.

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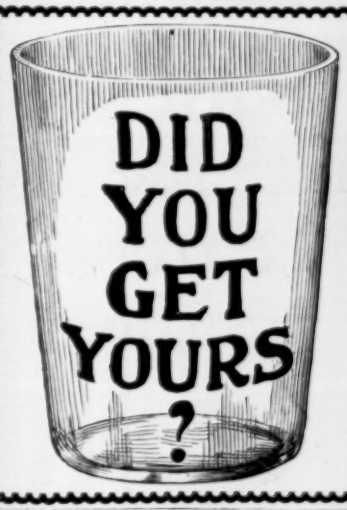

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AMATEUR SPORT

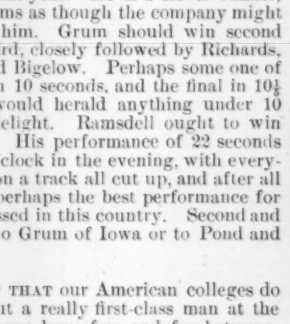
THE ONLY NEW-COMERS likely to be felt in the intercollegiate sports of May 25th at the Berkeley Oval are the University of California and Dartmouth, and they only very slightly. Without question, Ramsdell of the University of Pennsylvania should win the 100-yard dash. His performance of last year of 10 seconds in the finals, after running two trial heats, on a track that had been soaked with rain for five days prior to the race, with little or no wind to assist him, was remarkable. His power of endurance is without limit. He was taken ill just before the end of the season last year, and up to the morning of the games could hardly walk, but he won first place in the

A. POND, JUN., YALE.

100 and 220 yard dashes, and in the running broad jump, a feat which had not been accomplished since Wendell of Harvard won the 100, 220, and 440 in one afternoon in 1880. Claimants for second and third places are numerous. Bucholtz of Pennsylvania, Patterson of Williams, DelPrado and Bigelow of Harvard, Richards of Yale, and Grum of the University of Iowa, should get the places. Patterson won second last year. He is a clever runner, but a little green. It seems as though the company might be a little too fast for him. Grum should win second place, with Bucholtz third, closely followed by Richards, Patterson, DelPrado, and Bigelow. Perhaps some one of the heats will be run in 10 seconds, and the final in 10⅕ seconds, although we would herald anything under 10 seconds with positive delight. Ramsdell ought to win the 220-yard dash also. His performance of 22 seconds flat last year, at seven o'clock in the evening, with everybody crowding around, on a track all cut up, and after all his previous efforts, is perhaps the best performance for that distance ever witnessed in this country. Second and third places should go to Grum of Iowa or to Pond and Richards of Yale.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT THAT our American colleges do not seem able to turn out a really first-class man at the 440. First-class men have been few and far between. Last year the only college man who held any claim to being called first-class was Merrill of Harvard, and his rank was obtained by always doing a consistent quarter. Fifty-one seconds is only fair; it is simply because we have so few men at the distance who can go in the time that we magnify such a performance. In the olden days Goodwin and Baker of Harvard thought nothing of running under fifty seconds. Neither Princeton nor Yale ever had any success in developing a quarter man. This year it is clearly an open event. There is not a man in any of the colleges who can go better than 51⅘ seconds. These are Pond and Chub of Yale, Marshall and Bingham of Harvard. Pond is the most likely man for first place, with Marshall not to be despised, while it may go to an outsider—in all probability it will. It does not seem possible that any one could oust Kilpatrick of Union from first place in the half-mile. All the reports from Union say that he is doing well. There will be a great race for second place between Orton of U. P. and Hollister of Harvard, with chances in favor of Hollister, although there is little to choose between them. As for the mile, Jarvis, U. P., when in condition could win, hands down, but he is as variable as the wind, and if his form is as bad on the 25th as it is at present he cannot win. With Jarvis out, Orton should take first place, if he recovers from the half in time; he may stay out from the half to clinch the mile, for undoubtedly, with Jarvis out of condition, the mile is his chance. Kilpatrick is ambitious, and will try the distance too, but both these men will have to reckon with Morgan of Yale—a very even man, who is liable to beat them both out. Probably Orton will be the winner, with Morgan second, and Kilpatrick third; if Jarvis gets into condition, then Jarvis first.

DARTMOUTH undoubtedly entered the Association this year to give Chase a chance to win the High Hurdles, and it is probable that he will not disappoint his college mates. He is away above everybody running the distance, although Cady, Perkins, and Hatch of Yale and Monroe of Harvard are not to be despised. Brewer of Harvard, if he runs, should take first place in the 220-yard Hurdles, with Cady of Yale second, Jamieson of Harvard and Hatch of Yale struggling for places. Both the Hurdles will be very close, and will make the prettiest kind of racing. Dartmouth may have returned to the Association also to give Gary a chance to win the Two-mile Bicycle Race. Two years ago he beat out the famous Johnston, but there is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" in the Bicycle Race; Hill of Yale, Osgood and Douglas of the University of Pennsylvania, and Goodman of C. C. N. Y., who won last year by good riding and good luck, and Elliott of Harvard, are all fast men. Ottoman, C. C. N. Y., must be considered also after his performance of last week, two miles in 5 min. 7 sec. But, taking everything into consideration, Gary should finish first, Ottoman second, and Elliott, Osgood, and Douglas struggling for third place. We are to bid farewell at last to the Mile Walk, and we do it without regret. Yale should win first place with Thrall. Amherst second with Houghton, and Harvard third with Phillips. Any one of these men could take first place without causing any surprise.



W. O. HICKOK,
Captain Yale Athletic Team.

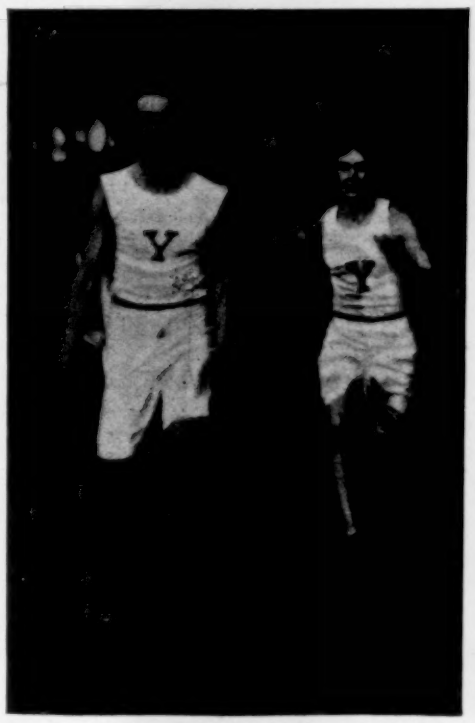
FOR THE FIELD EVENTS, IN THE Running High Jump there are Paine of Harvard, Leslie of U. P., and Becker of Cornell. Paine should win, with Leslie a close second, and Becker of Cornell, Sheldon of Yale, and Stickney of Harvard bringing up the rear.

In the Running Broad Jump, Sheldon of Yale should win without a question; his breaking of the Intercollegiate record at the College Games last week proves his good condition, and when in condition Sheldon is an even performer, and can be counted on. Ramsdell, last year's winner, will of course make a bid for first place, but he will have to content himself with fighting for second place with Stickney of Harvard and Rogers of Princeton.

Thomas of Yale should win the Pole Vault, with Bucholtz of U. P. second, although first place could easily go to Tyler of Princeton, or Allen or Kerkshaw of Yale. These men are all doing about the same, but the preference goes to Thomas and Bucholtz in the order named.

Captain Hickok of Yale will undoubtedly win the Shot with his college mate Brown second, and Knipe of U. P. third. This is exactly the way it was won last year.

In the Hammer the men at present are more familiar with the new style of throwing, which went into effect last year for the first time, allowing the free use of a seven-foot ring, and they should do better. Hickok will undoubtedly win this event. Patterson of Cornell is reported to be doing remarkably well, but it is doubtful if he can beat Hickok. Hickok is more likely to be beaten out by his college mate Cross. Chadwick, another Yale man, who won second last year, should be considered for a place, and George Mahoney, of Georgetown University, is within the range of possibility.



SHELDON AND CADY, YALE.

TO SUMMARIZE THE EVENTS that are reasonably sure to go to the colleges as scheduled are the 100 yards, the 220 yards, and the 1-mile run to the University of Pennsylvania, the Hammer and Shot and the Broad Jump to Yale, Low Hurdles and High Jump to Harvard, Half-mile to Union, and the High Hurdles to Dartmouth. This leaves the 440-yard, the Walk, the Pole Vault, and the Bicycle Race open. Harvard, Yale, and the University of Pennsylvania have strong candidates for places in these open events. The fight will be close between these three colleges, but Yale has more scoring men in her team than either the University of Pennsylvania or Harvard, and for this reason should win, with the University of Pennsylvania second, and Harvard third.

THE Princeton-Brown baseball game at Orange Oval on Wednesday was as uneventful an affair as you might see in a season. The game, with the exception of the last half of the second inning, was very slow, and White pitched a poor game for the Brown nine, delaying the progress of the game by his slow work, which might have been excused if he had produced some good pitching as a result of his delays. As a matter of fact, however, several good hits were made off him, including a two-bagger by Easton, and, with the assistance of the bleachers back of third, a home run by Bradley. The Brown men, as a team, were not up to the standard, for in their second half of the second inning errors by Lowney, Lang, and Donovan gave Princeton four runs out of the six made in the inning, and White, with three men on bases, pitched four balls to Williams and gave Bradley a run in the first inning. Such incidents are not only unusual for the Brown nine, but they are scarcely ever seen nowadays in university nines. After fifth inning the Brown men began to play their usual game; but it must be remembered also that with the score standing at seven to nothing in their favor, and the Saturday game with Yale ahead of them, the Princeton men let up in the last half of the game. Whatever may have been the cause of Brown's weak play, they certainly have not been at any time this year in playing condition that would have won the Wednesday game. The two good points in Brown's play were the work of the out-field and Foultz's base-running. He ran over into left field once also and caught a fly that would have been well out of reach of an ordinary runner, and he made a run in the sixth inning purely on the speed with which he got down to first ahead of the ball, and made the home plate from third on a long throw. Otherwise White's pitching was slow and occasionally wild, though he improved in the last half of the game. Lang's catching was very weak, since it included several costly pass balls and a marked tendency to drop the ball—so much so, in fact, that Dunne was finally put in his place. Foultz, Cook, and Robinson played good ball except when they came to the bat, but there they failed to make any strong showing, as did the rest of the nine.

GEORGE COATS,
Captain U. P. Athletic Team.

BATTING, ON THE OTHER HAND, seemed to be Princeton's strong point on Wednesday. The team showed marked improvement in this direction since the Harvard game on Saturday, the 11th. Indeed Payne, Ward, and Bradley are three remarkably strong batsmen, and Smith, who took Easton's place in centre field, did creditable work at the bat also. Easton, by-the-way, young as he is, and a Freshman at that, pitched a good game until he began to grow tired toward the end, and Brooks may feel pretty well satisfied that he has in Bradley, Wilson, Easton, and Altman the best all-round set of pitchers in the League this year. Bradley would undoubtedly be the best man if he had not developed some trouble in his arm from too much pitching while at Lawrenceville School. The result is that he cannot pitch more than three or four innings at the outside. Wilson and Easton are both good pitchers, though not perhaps of the very first class. Still, as college pitchers go this year—Highlands with his uncertainty at critical times, Carter with his weakening arm, White with his general second-class work, and Dickson of Pennsylvania—Wilson and Easton stand well. Altman is perhaps steadier than any of the others, but he would find it difficult to maintain the standard set by Wilson in the Harvard game.

WILLIAMS IN MANY WAYS is catching quite as well as Trenchard, so that the loss of the older player is not so seriously felt as was anticipated when he injured his thumb. Williams has not the cool judgment of Trenchard, however, and against a strong battery he would not be nearly as valuable a batsman as the latter. Still, on Wednesday he caught with a great deal of precision, and stopped several wild balls at very critical moments. Payne in left field made a bad muff in the seventh inning, and indeed the entire team, so far as fielding goes, weakened considerably toward the end of the game. The fielding is the weakest point in the nine's work, as its strength is in batting. Nine to two in favor of Princeton is therefore not a bad estimate of the two teams' work, for while Princeton might have done better in the sixth, seventh, and eighth innings, Brown played below the standard set in the games with Yale.

MENTION WAS MADE last week in this column, and similar comments have often appeared before, regarding excessive coaching in baseball. One would think that when baseball had arrived at its present stage, not only the uselessness but the bad taste of loud-mouthed and continued repetition of unmeaning words would have been either dropped by common consent or by some inter-collegiate agreement. Such coaching as each nine resorted to on Wednesday was so meaningless that it was manifestly for no other purpose than to disturb and rattle the battery of the opposing side. If it accomplished its purpose—and a careful examination will show that it usually does not—then an advantage has been obtained by a method which is not only unfair, but ungentlemanly and highly unsportsmanlike. It is time that graduates of the colleges concerned put a stop to the practice. We are at last coming to a point where audi-

H. J. CHATAIN,
Captain Columbia Athletic Team.

"A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE."—(With Illustrated Chapters on GOLF.)—By Caspar W. Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

ences consider it the height of discourtesy to applaud a run or a base made by a glaring error of the other side. But is it not much more unsportsmanlike to keep up a continuous fire of senseless jargon behind first and third base, with no other purpose than the evident one of distracting and weakening the pitcher's nerve and attention? But the question has been discussed so much and so often that it is hoary with age. We condemn unnecessary roughness in football, and yet we tolerate this cold-blooded discourtesy, which has not the excuse of the heat and excitement of the rougher game.

THE PRINCETON-YALE baseball game on Saturday at New Haven was one in a season. The score of 1 to 0 is sufficient alone to show that the playing was even all the way through. But further than that, almost every inning brought out some play that saved a run. Princeton, on the whole, had the chance at the start, and it is probable that with cool work she will win the return game at Princeton. She only got one base hit, however, to Yale's three, but if it had not been for errors she might have had the game. It was the difference of being on your own or your opponent's grounds. Once in the eighth inning, for example, Gunster was on second and Brooks on first, with Easton at the bat, and Payne, Princeton's best batsman, to come next. Brooks was apparently watching third base, when Greenway threw to first, and Brooks was caught a good yard off the base. It was a careless play and was a costly out. Also when the one run of the game was made in the seventh inning there was a bad mistake in judgment made by Williams. He should have remembered that Easton, out in centre field, is a left-handed thrower. One would suppose he would know, therefore, that Easton's long throw home would curve to his right and bound to his left. He seemed to entirely forget this, for when the ball came in, and it was a beautiful throw, he ran over toward it as it curved, and was not ready for the long bound. The ball passed and the run was made by Quinby, though it must be said to Williams's credit that he kept his head in an exciting moment, and prevented the second run very prettily by catching Spear on the slide. It is in just such moments as these that games are won and lost, and there is no doubt that at just such times as this, also, the fact that you are playing on strange grounds *does* have its influence.

THE FEATURES OF THE GAME were the long flies, and there is seldom a match which gives fielders as much, as important, and as varied work as did this one. Spear saved a run undoubtedly in the third inning by a long run and a good catch, and Easton, the Princeton Freshman, who did so well all through the game, and has indeed done so well all the season, saved a home run when he caught Carter's long fly. The ball had nearly reached the ropes—if it had been ten feet further away it would have—when Easton turned, after a long run, and caught it above his head. Carter was already on his way to third, and nothing but the catch could have saved the run. Altman's pitching seemed to bring out flies which distributed themselves all over the field, but there was not a muff to go to Princeton's discredit, though the errors, such as they were, were costly. For Yale, Rustin's two errors in the first and second innings had a bad influence on his team as a captain's errors necessarily always do, and they gave men bases that might have been used to advantage if the batsmen of the Princeton nine had been capable of following them up with hits.

Trudeau, who replaced Carter in the sixth inning, did extremely well at a critical time. Carter pitched as well as ever in his life until the sixth, and then his arm weakened suddenly, and the change was made without delay. It was a wise decision, too, since half a dozen careless or poor balls might easily have given a run.

THE DEFEAT OF HARVARD BY YALE in the Harvard-Yale track-athletic games at Jarvis Field, Cambridge, on Saturday, by a score of 65 points to 47, makes the score, by years, three to two in favor of Harvard. These games between Harvard and Yale are by far the most exciting of the year, and conducted as they were Saturday it was a privilege to witness them. One could not but notice the sportsmanlike behavior of the contestants and the audience. Harvard as host fairly outdid herself, and the whole tone of the games, in view of the many squabbles and bickerings which have arisen of late between the two great universities, was refreshing. As far back as February the representatives of the two colleges met in Springfield, agreeing to bear and forbear, and as a result each college conceded to the other certain changes that were deemed advisable. Questions which in previous years were sources of heart-burnings were placed in the hands of graduates representing each university, and all disputed points in this way were satisfactorily settled.

IT CANNOT BE SAID that Hickok's winning the hammer and shot occasioned great surprise. His throw of 129 feet 5½ inches breaks the intercollegiate record (his own), and his put of 44 feet 1½ inches in the shot also breaks the inter-collegiate record (his own). Paine of Harvard in the high jump, Bremer of Harvard in the low hurdles, Hatch and Cady of Yale in the high hurdles, Sheldon of Yale in the broad jump, Bingham and Marshall of Harvard in the quarter-mile, Thrall of Yale in the walk, did exactly what was expected of them, and did it well. Hoyt's jump of 11 feet in the pole vault was a complete surprise, as was the two-mile bicycle race, which was won by Hill of Yale. The crisis revolved around the short sprints. Richards was an unknown quantity, and it was hard to predict what he would do. Harvard was depending upon Bigelow, a new man, and his failure was a sore disappointment to the Harvard men. He was not in form, and Richards won both the 100 and the 220 yard dash. The best performance of the day was Hollister's half-mile run. He ran well within himself for the first lap, and on the back stretch of the second lap swung into a good stride, winning in the fast time of 1.58⅘.

A MOST UNFORTUNATE AND UNWISE ACTION has been taken by the Yale football management within the last week. The matter is of such extraordinary importance to amateur sport that the situation should be clearly understood. These are the facts as they stand up to the moment when we go to press. Captain Brewer, of Harvard, immediately upon hearing the final decision of the Harvard Faculty permitting football at Harvard next fall, wrote to Captain Thorne, of Yale, saying that fortunately Harvard would be able to play football this year, and that he was ready, therefore, to make arrangements with Yale concerning the annual game. Captain Thorne replied that the Yale football management hoped to arrange a game with Harvard to be played next November, but that in view of the fact that certain remarks and criticisms had been made last winter against Yale, by Harvard graduates prominent in Harvard football matters (which in his opinion practically constituted criticisms made by Harvard college), he could not arrange a game with the Harvard eleven until some explanation should be made by the Harvard football management for these criticisms. It is understood that Captain Thorne's reference is to criticisms made immediately after the last Springfield game, by Dr. Brooks and others, against Yale. If, as has been widely circulated, his object is to obtain some official retraction or apology from Harvard University for these unofficial criticisms, there is naturally only one course for Harvard to pursue. If, however, the explanation requested by Captain Thorne relates to any action taken by last year's Harvard team or its management, and if this proves to be of sufficient importance, it would be far better to take the whole matter out of the hands of the young captains and undergraduates, and put it into the charge of a committee composed, say, of Professor Ames, of Harvard, George Adee, of Yale, and a third member, to be selected by these two. Otherwise the difficulty is sure to become hopelessly complicated.

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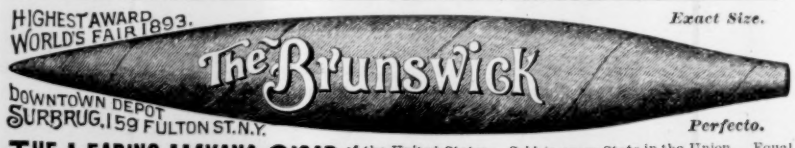

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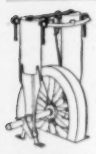

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